

INSIDE: The Liberals' painful self-examination

Maclean's

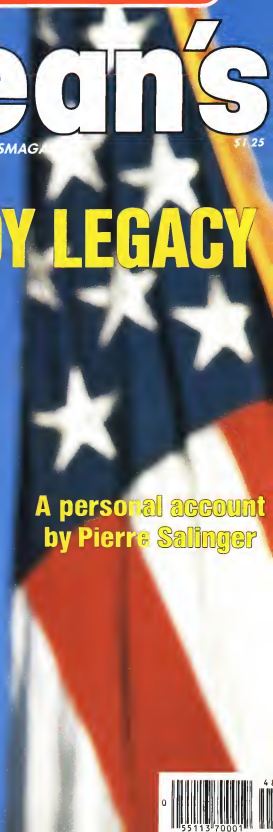
NOVEMBER 28, 1983

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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THE KENNEDY LEGACY

**A personal account
by Pierre Salinger**



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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

NOVEMBER 25, 1993 VOL. 96 NO. 48

COVER

Kennedy then and now

Pierre Salinger was a close friend and aide to both John and Robert Kennedy. Twenty years after the President's assassination, and 40 years after Robert's, Salinger recalls the passing of J.F.K. at the height of his powers. He also provides rare, firsthand revelations about R.F.K. and a poignant moment of Jackie's courage in her darkest days. —Page 19

COVER PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD BLACK STAR



The nuclear deadline

The first cruise missiles arrived in Europe last week, but forecasts of an early Soviet withdrawal from the Geneva nuclear disarmament talks proved premature. —Page 69



Wartime in toyland

For the first time since the mid-1970s, at Joe and other military-themed toys will likely find a place under the Christmas tree. Some experts are concerned. —Page 64



Lévesque's failed promises

Robert Lévesque's long-promised language and economic initiatives failed to satisfy employers or labor and business leaders despite the PQ failure. —Page 38



A scholar and a gentleman

It took Barbara Streisand 15 years to bring *Kennedy* to the screen. The result is a particularly wise movie that entertains as much as it enlightens. —Page 69

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Apology

In a Nov. 24 article, *The Mirror*/Editor Moskow's should have included the facts that Vancouver newspaper Patrick Murray recommended to Stephen Dawson's parents that the boy should have a life-saving operation and that he offered to perform the operation himself. The magazine did not intend to imply in any way that Dr. Murray encouraged the Dawsons to reach any other conclusion. Indeed, Dr. Murray did not participate at all in the Dawsons' decision to withhold an operation. Moskow's regrets any embarrassment the story has caused Dr. Murray and his family.



Trudeau: a self-appointed peacekeeper

the eyes of all Canadians regarding this issue. Who appointed Trudeau global peacekeeper anyway? Are all of us supposed to stay back and say, "What a worthy thing for Trudeau to do. I think I'll vote for him next time after all." Not likely.

—JOHN ECKSTON,
London, Ont.

Who really has power in B.C.?

In your Nov. 14 issue you show a photograph with the caption "Striking B.C. civil servants" (shown on the West Coast, Canada). What was, in fact, shown was a lineup of buyers at a food liquor store in the province that remained open at the time. The Park & Tilford Building. The photo is proof, perhaps, that beer relations in British Columbia would drive the soberest citizens to drink.

—WILLIAM S. FORCE,
West Vancouver

I am getting quite tired of listening to the B.C. government and workers whining about their precious job security as though they were the only people facing layoffs and uncertainty. PWA, CP and various woodworker employees are all experiencing proportionate layoffs. These are hard times for everyone.

—SUEAN KAMMITE,
Norman Wells, N.W.T.

It has been said, especially in British Columbia, that the government has too much power. As far as I am concerned, the only group of people with too much power is the unions. Any organization that can tell me I cannot work unless I become a part of them is too big. Any group that can take a day's pay away from my family to support something I agree has too much power. Those things are happening in British Columbia this night now.

—E.L. DUCKSON,
Delta, B.C.

PASSAGES

BYRONCING: Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, 61, and his estranged wife, Margaret, 56. Filing for divorce in the Supreme Court of Ontario last week, she cited long-term separation. The Trudeaus were married in March, 1971, and separated in May, 1977. The Prime Minister, who was granted custody of their three children in the separation agreement, is not expected to contest the divorce.

ELECTED: Lynn Williams, 58, as interim president of the largest union within the AFL-CIO, the United Steelworkers of America, in Pittsburgh, Pa. Williams, a former Ontario director of the union and its international secretary since 1977, is the first Canadian ever to hold that position in the union. He succeeds Lloyd McBridge, who died on Nov. 6. Williams is expected to run for the post in elections next year.

DEER: Conservative MP Walter Baker, 55, the minister of revenue and Privy Council president during the June, 1979, to March, 1980, government of Joe Clark, of long cancer, in Ottawa.

NEEDERDE: Paul Volpe, 55, an organized crime leader who lived as a semi-retiree on his heavily guarded Schenckberg, Ont., estate. Volpe was shot several times in the back of the head. His body was found in the trunk of his wife's car at Toronto International Airport. He was being investigated by a special squad of members of the RCMP, the Ontario Provincial Police and the Metro Toronto Police.

DEER: J. Russell Harper, 58, a pioneer in Canadian art history, in Cornwall, Ont. Harper wrote a number of seminal studies on artists, but his most influential book was *Painting in Canada: A History* (1966), which led to the first full inclusion of the study of Canadian art history in university courses. In 1969 Harper was appointed curator of Canadian art at the National Gallery of Canada. He became a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada in 1974 and an officer of the Order of Canada in 1975.

DEER: Lidi Levinson, 59, the Vancouver artist, writer and former professional skier who designed the theme pavilion for Expo '67 in Montreal, of long cancer. In Toronto Levinson also designed the widely praised 1971 "napalake" Christmas series of Canadian postage stamps.

DEER: Alvin (Junior) Sumples, 50, a regular on the television show *Joe Flanz* since 1966, of a heart attack, in Cowansville, Que. The 300-lb comedian also made two comedy record albums.

The divine plan

Prime Minister Trudeau's idea of Canada taking the lead to prevent a pollution of the superpowers is a good one. However, it's only half an idea, without strength, plan or organization. The Prime Minister of Canada traveling around the world inspiring himself to be a new Messiah is just silly. What is needed to make this idea succeed is for Canada to persuade the European Community countries, India and all the Commonwealth, Mexico, Brazil, Japan and China to join together in a new organization dedicated to peace and trade.

—TEMPUS BOUTER,
Stephens Crossing, Nfld.

In reference to Allan Fotheringham's Nov. 7 column, Peace means no polls. I would like to thank him for opening

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Controlling the back-bench seats

Allan Rockingham is on the right track but heading in the wrong direction. In his column *The capital of political confusion* (Oct. 24), he finds that the reason why people have lost confidence in the House of Commons (and subsequently why Brian Mulroney's poor showing in the House will not deter his ambition to be prime minister) is that the Liberals have made a mockery of the proceedings. In fact, the Liberals are making a travesty of our revered institution because of John Q. Public's apathetic (or pathetic) attitude. It is only when we place more stringent controls on our elected officials that the Commons will cease to be "a home for treated back-bench seats" and once again become a forum for the debating and passing of Canadian law.

—KEITH E. FORD,
St. John's

For love of Canada I

I must take exception to Elizabeth Cuth's comments concerning the Canada I campaign (Marching a million-dollar rag, Letters, Oct. 31). By implication and assumption, she does a disservice to those who worked so hard to get Canada I to the semi-finals, as well as to the countless supporters who remain anonymous. It is an affront to the Canada I supporters to suggest that they "could have helped groups in far greater aid." How do we know what groups those people may already be supporting? And, incidentally, many of the supporters whom Peter C. Newman mentioned are individuals, not corporations. I strongly disagree with his broad statement that the team was "glory seeking." Anyone who knows without seeing knows that most of them were in the campaign for the simple love of the sport. —TED YODanis
Kitchener, Ont.

Rewrites of a social contract

B.C. Premier William Bennett is "rewriting the social contract" all right, but it is not at all clear that his intentions are as benign or eloquent as Peter C. Newman seems to believe (*Rewriting the social contract*, Business Watch, Oct. 27). For example, Bennett already has all the power he needs to cut expenditures or universities. Indeed, he dissolved those budgets in the middle of the last fiscal year. He could cut their budgets again, at will. Do people really need to be reminded that the autonomy of universities is not merely some non-functional artistic ornament? Universally autonomy is one of the chief freedoms that distinguish democratic and enlightened societies from repressive and authoritarian regimes of both the

left and the right. If Bennett wants to reduce public expenditure on universities, fine. Let him do it and answer to the electorate in due course. However, let us also see his government demonstrate a genuine allegiance to the conservative credo, "who governs best, governs best." Establishing a labor commitment to implement the dictates of the central authority in the universities has nothing to do with saving money and ought to be seen as a dangerous and unwarranted experiment in authoritarianism. —PATRICK CLARKE,
University Counseling Services,
The University of Calgary,
Calgary

A few years ago there was talk of a reunion coming. Everyone knew it. So our premier decided to fix everything in British Columbia and build B.C. Place, including the stadium, a rapid transit system, and, best of all, we would have Expo '86. Don't get me wrong—these things would all be great, if we could afford them. Bennett looked to the future all right—in the time when he would have so many concrete monuments to himself. But we can't have our cake and eat it too, so out with the monuments. Bennett says several hundred people are being employed for this project. But thousands may be fired from the government ranks now because we can't afford everything. That's progress? Could he not have hired the same number of people to improve what we have now—in build decent housing for people on low incomes, to improve health care, education, human rights and human resources departments? When the needs of the people who pay the taxes were met, maybe the premier would deserve a few monuments, and we could afford them. And perhaps even the populace could afford to enjoy using them. Now, another the province as a whole nor the public can afford either.

—KATHLEEN HUNDS,
Lake Cowichan, B.C.

In defence of offence

I am writing about the many protests in conjunction with United Nations Disarmament Day, Oct. 24, against the testing of the U.S. cruise missile in Canada and the U.S.-Soviet arms race. Like anyone else, I believe in the preservation of world peace. We must wake up and realize that the Soviets cannot be trusted and that they have no intention of negotiating peace. One only has to look at their aggressive infiltration of Hungary, Afghanistan, Poland and Czechoslovakia to understand that their ultimate goal is to deny our democracy. In my opinion, we must maintain the freedom as many have died for in past wars. The Western ben-

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Granville's market woes

Three years ago, at the height of his powers, Joseph B. Granville was the terror of Wall Street. His "buy" or "sell" recommendations could wipeout the Dow Jones Industrial Average and make back the strategies of even Renaissance trader: George

Graville believed that he had "cracked" the investment secrets of investing and he proudly predicted that he would soon win a Nobel Prize for economics. But few of Wall Street's sexpentars have ever fallen further and faster than Granville. For more than two years, since he issued his famous Jan. 6, 1981,

"sell" everything" Toin to the 13,000 subscribers of his *Market Letter*, Granville, 60, has been consistently bullish—right through the greatest bull market in Wall Street's history. And while that bullish sell advisory was powerful (driving the Dow down 28 points in one day on a then record volume of 92 million shares) and prescient (marking the start of a slump that bottomed only in August, 1982), it was also the high-water mark of his influence. Now, although the power of the "J.B. Granville of investment" has waned, he continues to adhere to his gospel of doom and he predicts that he will make a comeback.

Granville has slung venomously and destructively to his dark vision of an imminent stock market debacle. All through the rally that began in August, 1982, he has advised his more daring clients to borrow stocks and sell them "short" in order to buy them back at a steep price when the predicted panic breaks out. For the dwindling band of devotees that has followed that advice—subscribers to his *Market Letter* are down to 4,500—the result has been little short of frightening. Stud a New York broker: "He has been wrong all along. He said 'short the market.' You know where you are if you shorted this market? You are in the poorhouse."

Widely credited for the discovery of "On Balance Volume"—a measure of demand for stocks now used by most technical analysts—Granville has a checkered record as a freelance money manager. He stumbled seriously in 1970-1971 when he traded stocks through one of Wall Street's most notorious postwar shams. But from then until August, 1983, he won a huge, almost worshipped following by calling stock market tops and bottoms with startling accuracy. By 1988 Granville enjoyed \$1 million a year in subscriptions to his letter and a steady round of lecture invitations from brokerage houses and investment groups.

New his 1974-1988 record looks even more like a lucky streak, however, are down drastically, and sometimes are rarer. Under the influence of his third wife, 45-year-old Karen, he has toned down a once flamboyant lecture style that included vodka-quoting, dances, puppets, bells and jibes at rival money managers as bumbling "big holders." Still, his basic view remains bullish. Said Rick Erickson, a spokesman for Granville: "He believes there may be one more push upward soon, but after that the market is going to collapse say day." If it does, Granville may still have one more chance to turn it into a massive phase at the investment advisers he has so long derided. "I told you so."

—LENNY GILSON is a New York



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Q&A: BRIAN PECKFORD

Newfoundland's fight for respectability

Newfoundland has long quarrelled with the federal government over the ownership and management of the oil resources under the shallow seas of the Grand Banks off the province's east coast. In February the Supreme Court of Newfoundland awarded ownership of the resources to Ottawa, and the Supreme Court of Canada could render its decision on the matter as early as next month. Premier Brian Peckford has led Newfoundland's fight with a zeal that has earned him an anti-Canadian reputation in some circles. In an interview with Maclean's Associate Bureau Chief Michael Chablan, Peckford, 44, declared that while the recent formation of the Party for an Independent Newfoundland was a profitable byproduct of the contentious federal-provincial fight, he himself places Canada's urgent energy needs ahead of the province's offshore claim. The turbulence is not confined to the premier's political life. Two weeks ago Peckford's private life came under public scrutiny when his wife, Marissa, 35, talked to reporters

about their decision to separate (they have two children). The premier, however, refused to discuss his personal relationships.

Maclean's: Is not much's formation of a separatist party—the Party for an Independent Newfoundland—renewed

‘Without firing a shot, Ottawa is doing more damage to Newfoundland than the United States did in Grenada’

maladrama or is there more to it?

Peckford: I would say that it is real—I think it comes out of frustration. Two years ago I predicted that unless there was some reconciliation [with Ottawa], some accommodation for our position, watch out—there is going to be some trouble. And now we have it, in some

kind of political reality. The degree to which it is serious is still to be determined. I take the position that it is regrettable, but predictable, and may be a force to be reckoned with in Newfoundland politics over the next two or three years, depending on what happens over that time.

Maclean's: Your critics claim that you and your party exacerbate the state of mind that gives rise to separatist sentiments. They point to your finance minister, Dr. John Colborne, suggesting changes in the Terms of Union and in your September reference to Newfoundlanders as “signers of Confederation.”

Peckford: I did not set out to have this little party form itself on the periphery of Newfoundland politics. I would lay just as much blame, if not more, on Ottawa for creating this party. It has been their impetus, not ours. We represent our constituents in various ways, and certain words and phrases are quickly picked up by other people and used against us. The many, many more Confederation-positive things we say

are not emphasized. I will continue to express myself in words that mean something to me. And if they strike a chord, and that somehow leads somebody to be more separatist than before, then I am sorry. It is not conscious; it is not deliberate.

Maclean's: How do you expect the Supreme Court of Canada to rule on the offshore rights?

Peckford: My own perception is that given the decision of the Supreme Court of Newfoundland and the narrow way in which that court approached the subject, it is more probable that the federal government could win, because the majority of the people sitting on the Supreme Court of Canada have a Canadian conception of resource development, not the global one. That being the outcome, we will then argue from a strict moral equality point of view—that it is unacceptable and that law comes out of people. People do not come out of law, people make law. There must be a constitution to make new laws which better reflect the inequalities in Canada—of one part of the country being poorer even though it has the resources. We have made compromises as a province, and I do not think that has been given enough exposure in the whole Canada debate over what Newfoundland would or what Canada wants. It was not far far us, if we were going to con-



Peckford: moose, cod and a symphony

tinues to call ourselves Canadians, to insist that national self-sufficiency was secondary to Newfoundland's interests. It has to be primary in everybody's interests. We have agreed that national self-sufficiency and security of supply would have to be satisfied before some of the more provincial objectives kicked

into the picture. So, if elements of the agreement are not acceptable, we will have a comprehensive nationwide campaign to show how unfair it is.

Maclean's: Do you think that such a campaign is likely to sway Ottawa?

Peckford: Given the [bad] news about Nova Scotia's gas reserves and the ongoing depletion of oil in Alberta, it may be at a point in the history of Canada where the economic might take precedence over the politics that the economics of Alberta would take precedence over such sentiments as the hell with Newfoundland because they only have seven seats. Therefore, the federal government may succumb to a formula that is more equal, something Newfoundland can accept rather than what Ottawa would otherwise justify far from a sheer political analysis of the situation. It is a question of trying to reach self-sufficiency in oil in Canada, which is a general and very strong national priority.

Maclean's: Still, the federal government could just go ahead and develop the offshore anyway if Ottawa, without reference to Newfoundland.

Peckford: Unilateral action is inconsistent with the moderate approach that the Liberal government has taken on foreign affairs and other matters. Ottawa would lose an awful lot of support—moral and political—throughout



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the rest of Canada if it decided to try to run Newfoundland into the ground. The federal government watched the United States go into Grenada, which I support, but about which Ottawa has grave doubts. Ottawa takes an awfully moderate approach toward Grenada when it has a province in its own Confederation that it is doing more destruction to, without firing a shot, than the United States ever did to Grenada.

Maclean's: If you are getting Canada's energy needs ahead of Newfoundland's dreams to control the offshore, how would the revenues be split?

Pechout: Somewhere around 75 to 85 of what was available for governments, in Newfoundland's favor until we come closer to the Canadian average oil wealth. That would be a fair trade-off for relinquishing control to Ottawa.

Maclean's: Has the recent federal restructuring agreement with Ottawa paved the way for improved federal-provincial relations?

Pechout: Not necessarily. We would like to project it into a three in relation, but unfortunately that is not necessarily following. But it gives some direction to us both.

Maclean's: You have long wanted to make it possible for the many Newfoundlanders who have left the province to be able to return to live. Last year, for the first time in years, more people moved to Newfoundland than moved away. Is that an aberration or the start of a trend?

Pechout: There are a lot of people who just want to come home so they can about their moose, jig their fish and still have a job. That is our lifestyle. Because the recession has hit so badly in other places, it is just so good to be in Newfoundland as a signifier that right now it is better for them to be home, because they can grow a few vegetables in their back garden and get a bit of wild meat and a lot of fish and live a lot cheaper in rural Newfoundland than they could ever live elsewhere in Canada. In rural Newfoundland you can live just on the cash that you have in your pocket.

Maclean's: Some of your critics say that you maintain a paternalistic view of rural Newfoundland—the romantic view that country folk do not need or want the cash for color TVs and other material goods that urban dwellers strive to acquire.

Pechout: I am not saying that. I am not a Jean-Marcus Rousseau. I am saying we can have the best of both worlds.

Maclean's: Do you still move rabbits?

Pechout: Yes. I shot a "weasel" last year ago. I used 15 rabbits last Saturday. I do not want the meat. It is just a good pastime and it will save me money, too. Tonight I am off to the symphony. I bet you did not know there was a symphony in Newfoundland. ☐

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CP 802	Y	OK	20:00	21:00	OK
CP 803	Y	OK	21:00	22:00	OK
CP 804	Y	OK	22:00	23:00	OK
CP 805	Y	OK	23:00	00:00	OK
CP 806	Y	OK	00:00	01:00	OK
CP 807	Y	OK	01:00	02:00	OK
CP 808	Y	OK	02:00	03:00	OK
CP 809	Y	OK	03:00	04:00	OK
CP 810	Y	OK	04:00	05:00	OK
CP 811	Y	OK	05:00	06:00	OK
CP 812	Y	OK	06:00	07:00	OK
CP 813	Y	OK	07:00	08:00	OK
CP 814	Y	OK	08:00	09:00	OK
CP 815	Y	OK	09:00	10:00	OK
CP 816	Y	OK	10:00	11:00	OK
CP 817	Y	OK	11:00	12:00	OK
CP 818	Y	OK	12:00	13:00	OK
CP 819	Y	OK	13:00	14:00	OK
CP 820	Y	OK	14:00	15:00	OK
CP 821	Y	OK	15:00	16:00	OK
CP 822	Y	OK	16:00	17:00	OK
CP 823	Y	OK	17:00	18:00	OK
CP 824	Y	OK	18:00	19:00	OK
CP 825	Y	OK	19:00	20:00	OK
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CP 831	Y	OK	01:00	02:00	OK
CP 832	Y	OK	02:00	03:00	OK
CP 833	Y	OK	03:00	04:00	OK
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CP 835	Y	OK	05:00	06:00	OK
CP 836	Y	OK	06:00	07:00	OK
CP 837	Y	OK	07:00	08:00	OK
CP 838	Y	OK	08:00	09:00	OK
CP 839	Y	OK	09:00	10:00	OK
CP 840	Y	OK	10:00	11:00	OK
CP 841	Y	OK	11:00	12:00	OK
CP 842	Y	OK	12:00	13:00	OK
CP 843	Y	OK	13:00	14:00	OK
CP 844	Y	OK	14:00	15:00	OK
CP 845	Y	OK	15:00	16:00	OK
CP 846	Y	OK	16:00	17:00	OK
CP 847	Y	OK	17:00	18:00	OK
CP 848	Y	OK	18:00	19:00	OK
CP 849	Y	OK	19:00	20:00	OK
CP 850	Y	OK	20:00	21:00	OK
CP 851	Y	OK	21:00	22:00	OK
CP 852	Y	OK	22:00	23:00	OK
CP 853	Y	OK	23:00	00:00	OK
CP 854	Y	OK	00:00	01:00	OK
CP 855	Y	OK	01:00	02:00	OK
CP 856	Y	OK	02:00	03:00	OK
CP 857	Y	OK	03:00	04:00	OK
CP 858	Y	OK	04:00	05:00	OK
CP 859	Y	OK	05:00	06:00	OK
CP 860	Y	OK	06:00	07:00	OK
CP 861	Y	OK	07:00	08:00	OK
CP 862	Y	OK	08:00	09:00	OK
CP 863	Y	OK	09:00	10:00	OK
CP 864	Y	OK	10:00	11:00	OK
CP 865	Y	OK	11:00	12:00	OK
CP 866	Y	OK	12:00	13:00	OK
CP 867	Y	OK	13:00	14:00	OK
CP 868	Y	OK	14:00	15:00	OK
CP 869	Y	OK	15:00	16:00	OK
CP 870	Y	OK	16:00	17:00	OK
CP 871	Y	OK	17:00	18:00	OK
CP 872	Y	OK	18:00	19:00	OK
CP 873	Y	OK	19:00	20:00	OK
CP 874	Y	OK	20:00	21:00	OK
CP 875	Y	OK	21:00	22:00	OK
CP 876	Y	OK	22:00	23:00	OK
CP 877	Y	OK	23:00	00:00	OK
CP 878	Y	OK	00:00	01:00	OK
CP 879	Y	OK	01:00	02:00	OK
CP 880	Y	OK	02:00	03:00	OK
CP 881	Y	OK	03:00	04:00	OK
CP 882	Y	OK	04:00	05:00	OK
CP 883	Y	OK	05:00	06:00	OK
CP 884	Y	OK	06:00	07:00	OK
CP 885	Y	OK	07:00	08:00	OK
CP 886	Y	OK	08:00	09:00	OK
CP 887	Y	OK	09:00	10:00	OK
CP 888	Y	OK	10:00	11:00	OK
CP 889	Y	OK	11:00	12:00	OK
CP 890	Y	OK	12:00	13:00	OK
CP 891	Y	OK	13:00	14:00	OK
CP 892	Y	OK	14:00	15:00	OK
CP 893	Y	OK	15:00	16:00	OK
CP 894	Y	OK	16:00	17:00	OK
CP 895	Y	OK	17:00	18:00	OK
CP 896	Y	OK	18:00	19:00	OK
CP 897	Y	OK	19:00	20:00	OK
CP 898	Y	OK	20:00	21:00	OK
CP 899	Y	OK	21:00	22:00	OK
CP 900	Y	OK	22:00	23:00	OK

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Atlantic City's mixed fortunes

Five years after the first glittering casinos spread its glow along Atlantic City's boardwalk, the New Jersey seaside resort city is poised to overtake Las Vegas as the gambling capital of North America. Despite lean early years, when rows of one-armed bandits stood silent and casinos suffered substantial losses, Atlantic City's nine casinos now report enviable revenues. They had gross revenues of \$152.7 million in August and \$167.6 million in September (up 20 per cent from September, 1982). At the same time, Las Vegas grossed an average of \$162.3 million in July, August and September. But the casino owners' refusal to invest enough of their profits in the city to

business. They attached further blame to the state regulations designed to keep out organized crime and attract family vacationers. These restrictions forced casinos to institute such practices as devoting 20 per cent of their tables to people wagering small bets—a rule that the most profitable enterprise, Resorts International Hotel Casino, said cost it as much as \$18 million a year. According to Marvin Hoffman, a casino industry analyst at the brokerage firm of Jersey Montgomery Scott Inc. in Philadelphia, the state regulations meant that it cost 40 per cent more to run a casino in New Jersey than in Nevada.

The easing of that rule and other regu-



Atlantic City's depressed cityscape, showing crime statistics in an urban wasteland

alleviate high unemployment and a chronic housing shortage has caused mass demonstrations along the boardwalk. Angry local residents claim that gambling has meant little more than soaring crime statistics and a growing urban wasteland in their Backlund hotels and new construction projects line the boardwalk strip, but William Waldner, the president of the Resorts Bay Casino Corp., cautions that Atlantic City, away from the boardwalk, "looks like Berlin in 1946".

The heavy losses that Atlantic City casinos suffered in their first years of operation convinced some skeptics that gambling would not survive there. Only last year three casinos—the Tropicans, the Playboy Hotel & Casino and the Claridge Hotel & Casino—reported losses of between \$10 million and \$20 million. Casino operators blamed part of their losses on shortages of restaurants, parking spaces and hotel rooms needed to attract lucrative convention

visitors. But in 1981 has given Atlantic City casinos a timely second chance. Profits at the casinos are up 20 per cent over last year, and the value of shares in such established casinos as Golden Nugget and Bally's Park Place are climbing rapidly on Wall Street. According to glossy pressings and cheap one-day trips, about 24 million visitors will travel to Atlantic City this year. Analysts predict that Atlantic City's accessibility to 50 million people living in the northeastern seaboard means that the resort's casino and hotel revenues will continue to grow by 20 per cent annually, compared to only eight per cent for Las Vegas. Declared Steven Eisenberg, a senior analyst at the New York brokerage firm of Bear Stearns & Co. "The skeptics have underestimated the pent-up demand for gambling in the seaboard."

Atlantic City's boom is not universally welcomed. The Casino Control Act stipulates that casinos must contribute

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SKIING RECREATION IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. CLAUDE ROBINSON/NOVEMBER FOR THE JOURNAL (PUBLISHED BY) STANLEY BROWN/COLUMBIA. Dept. 303, 100 West Street, Victoria, B.C. Canada V8W 2Z2



SUPER, NATURAL

BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA

eight per cent of their gross revenues (about \$120 million this year) to a general fund earmarked for senior citizens benefit programs throughout New Jersey. As well, legislation requires that each operation also set aside two per cent of its annual revenues for "reinvestment" in Atlantic City. But according to Thomas Flynn, a spokesman for the New Jersey Casino Control Commission, the current provision defers reinvestment so broadly that "it covers Resorts International whether it builds a new wing for a convalescent hospital or puts up a parking garage across the

street from the casino." Declared Flynn: "People who are expecting a pot of money to solve Atlantic City's problems of schools, sewers, housing and infrastructure are going to be disappointed." The state's legislature is pressing for revision of the law by year's end, and special interest groups hope that casino owners will direct revenues toward such projects as a new convention center for the city and a \$50-million refurbishing of the Philadelphia-to-Atlantic City railway line. New Jersey's proposals to apply a 15-per-cent reinvestment tax on casino base

also meet with forceful opposition from casino operators. Said David Gardner, acting director of the Atlantic City Casino Hotel Association: "We have asked that the investment be an investment, not a tax. The original intent was to give an incentive to operators to build new, not to renovate buildings. Now it is looked at as a penalty for every ill, from fixing streets to solving death by natural causes."

The influx of cash and people has also resulted in a sharp increase in crime. The incidence of murder and rape has risen by more than 100 per cent since legal gambling arrived. The problem of organized crime, which has existed for years in Atlantic City, has intensified as the riches have multiplied. James Flanagan, deputy director of the New Jersey division of gaming enforcement in Trenton, the state capital, said that he is satisfied "that organized crime is not present in the ownership or operation of the legal existing casinos." He added that the problem lies in the service industries—laundry services for the hotels, plumbing and construction contracting. Said Flanagan: "In these areas there is definite influence from organized crime."

Still, the gaming industry has brought some beneficial changes to Atlantic City. Casinos last year paid \$40 million in property taxes to the city, stimulating needed public works projects. The unemployment rate has dropped to 13 per cent from 18 per cent, although it still remains far higher than the national average of 11 per cent. The casinos have created 30,000 jobs, but most of these went to out-of-state people, often from Las Vegas. Black and Puerto Rican community groups demonstrated along the boardwalk several times over the past five months against alleged discrimination in hiring. Said Larry Brown, of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People: "We were told when we voted for casino gambling that we would get a piece of the pie. What we got is jobs as porters and chambermaids."

The recent upturn in casino fortunes has fueled initiatives to ease new casino projects, and the Casino Hotel Association conservatively predicts that 17 casino-hotels will open in the city by 1990. Construction has already started on the new \$200-million Hilton hotel-casino, and Sunbloomer New York developer Donald Trump will open a \$200-million joint venture with Holiday Inns next year which will be one of the largest Atlantic City casino. Said Trump: "I go there and I see the numbers. There has never been anything like this in history." For their part, Atlantic City residents only outside that the gambling boom is a mixed blessing—at best.

—DANIEL BUSHNET in Atlantic City



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AT TIP TOP

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THAT'S ALL WE USE.

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In every way John Labatt was a man without compromise. And that's why today we take



such pride in introducing this beer brewed in his name.

WE TEND TO IT IN SMALL
BATCHES JUST AS HE WOULD.

No finer beer has ever borne his name, nor have we ever made available a beer so expensive to produce. And it seems fitting that it is made by a brewery which is proudly Canadian owned.

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IT SHOULD HAVE FIRST-CLASS
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Brewed Without Compromise.

COLUMN

How to avoid economic peril

By Dian Cohen

Royal commissions are useless. They cost millions and return next to nothing. They absorb the case of our most talented thinkers for months and years and make it easier for politicians to postpone hard decisions. In fact, the preparations submitted by interested parties have been the most positive things to come out of the royal commissions.

One of the best submissions was the 11-page commentary that the C.D. Howe Institute presented earlier this month to the Macdonald commission. The Howe Institute was one of a number of nonprofit think tanks that sprang up in Canada after the Second World War. During the 1970s Carl Beine and Judith Maxwell became executive director and senior policy analyst respectively. They made beautiful music together, and the Howe Institute became far superior to the other, smaller groups in terms of the relevance and perception of its analysis. Beine and Maxwell are now gone. But the Howe Institute, now succeeded by Wendy Dobson, still has something to contribute.

The basic premise of the Howe submission is that Canadian policymakers are far more responsible for our economic malaise than they are prepared to admit. It follows that unless—and still—they acknowledge that their actions—or lack of them—do indeed affect the Canadian economy, they are unlikely to make essential decisions now that will affect the quality of Canadian life for the next decade or more. This point is not made often enough in Canada. One of the few submissions to the view is Arthur Smith, who got himself into a lot of trouble in the late 1980s when, as chairman of the Economic Council of Canada, he warned Prime Trudeau that the war on inflation would bring no price relief, but inevitable levels of unemployment.

Smith was right. The Economic Council was subsequently disbanded across the Edmund Error in Water, and Smith practically vanished from the Canadian economic scene. He is now back as chairman of Northern Professionals Group, a financial management firm. In one of his first public statements, he recently said "Much Canadian action in the past two years has been concentrated on bad economic news emanating from the United States and there has been a widespread

tendency to blame Reaganomics and 'adverse international conditions' for Canada's economic difficulties. In this, there has been a failure to realize fully the extent to which the severity and breadth of the recession were attributable to domestic economic dislocations and mismanagement in Canadian economic policy settings."

The thrust of the submission is that, up to the early 1970s, it was relatively easy for policymakers not to think too much. Economic growth rates were more than adequate to meet most normal goals. There seemed to be little need for the government to intervene drastically to ensure that resources were being efficiently used. But two dramatic events of the 1970s have, according to the Howe submission, forced a "revolution in our definition of economic issues and of appropriate policies." The first was the fact that the economic growth, taken for granted for so long,

'Canadian policymakers are far more responsible for our present malaise than they are prepared to admit'

suddenly stopped. For most of the 1970s and, so far, for the 1980s, it has taken as two and sometimes three years to achieve the level of economic growth previously achieved in one year during the 1960s. The second was the combined impact of a huge change in energy prices and the emergence of the newly industrialized Third World. Said the Howe brief: "Suddenly Canada found economic problems of adjustment. It became generally clear that many economic policies pursued on the grounds of price stability, of full employment, and of equity were seriously inhibiting needed adjustments."

Tough words. Tough ideas. The federal government's 1984 decision to regulate domestic oil prices resulted from a belief that Canadians should not have to adjust to the whims of the OPEC cartel. But widespread Canadian consumption patterns are "permanently outmoded as the rest of the world."

Our system of subsidies to disadvantaged regions, born out of a desire for geographical equity, has induced uncompetitive production. Our unemployment benefits system discourages workers in

poorer parts of the country from moving to where they would at least have a hope of getting work.

Righting the wrongs of past economic policy decisions does not necessarily mean just letting nature take its course. It does, however, mean that present and future decisions will be made with a different mind more carefully between shocks to the system that might be offset by government intervention and shocks that must be accepted and adjusted to. For example, if the United States decides to expand its money supply into the late 1980s, the effect on Canada would be imported inflation (as it was in 1970). That shock could be offset by allowing the Canadian dollar to rise in value (The Canadian government tried in the late 1960s to offset the imported inflation but it, incorrectly used higher taxes instead of a floating dollar). Consequently, as Arthur Smith anticipated, Canadians got no price relief and three per cent more unemployment.)

The dustbin to throw Canadian firms into during energy and basic raw materials prices in the mid-1970s and the subsequent National Energy Program of 1980 are as good examples of bad judgment as one can find. In the short term, the costs seemed small in relation to the perceived benefits of lower inflation and unemployment. By the end of 1981, the costs, in terms of nonemployment and unemployment, had escalated, and adjustment had become more difficult. According to the Howe Institute, "Producers who had acquired equipment designed to make advantage of cheap oil found this equipment obsolete and themselves uncompetitive with producers in other countries, who had adopted energy-efficient equipment some time earlier... inflationary pressures generated in the early 1980s that reduced international competitiveness of Canadian manufacturers... low prices for producers and the growing tax burdens imposed by governments delayed development of the more costly producers as well as what Canadians will have to rely in the future."

Canadians have not been good at either recognizing the shocks that must be accepted and adjusted to or ensuring the adjustment. But that recognition and acceptance is going to have to be front and center if Canadians are going to re-establish steady growth.

Dian Cohen is a Montreal-based economist writer.



JOHN KENNEDY THEN AND NOW

By Pierre Salinger

Journalist Pierre Salinger was a close personal friend of John and Robert Kennedy. He worked for both of them and he was press secretary to President Kennedy until he was assassinated in Dallas 36 years ago this week. Now chief foreign correspondent for ABC News in Paris, Salinger was uniquely placed to appraise the Kennedys, their awesome strengths, and their failings. Here is his report:

There were warnings. Nothing of substance, simply the deep misgivings of men and women who had felt the heat waves of political hatred swirling through Texas in the fall of 1960. President John F. Kennedy wanted strong civil rights legislation for Alaska and apprehensive with the Soviets, and to many conservative Texans in 1960 those were indefensible objectives. "Don't let the president come down here," a woman wrote on a few days before his trip. "The warmed about him I think something terrible will happen to him." United Nations Ambassador Adlai Stevenson had been spat upon on a recent visit and had even telephoned the White House to suggest that perhaps the president should postpone his trip.

Kennedy never received the suggestion, but he would not have needed to. He had never shied from the subject of assassination but he viewed it fatalistically. He had always told his intimates that if any man were willing to spend his own life to kill a president of the United States, he could do it. And once Kennedy had even specified the method of how an assassin would do it: from a high building, with a high-powered rifle and a telescopic sight.

But it was life, not death, that was uppermost in Kennedy's mind in November, 1963. The dark cloud of his infant son Patrick's death the previous August had lifted. He was a vibrant 46, in the third year of his presidency and at the height of his powers. His first years in office had been marked by a tentative new born of the knowledge that, with his election victory of a mere 160,000 votes, he had won no clear mandate from the American people. And then he had bravely wounded his administration by backing a clandestine attempt at Cuban-in-situ to invade their homeland, resulting in the "Bay of Pigs" fiasco. But sanguine, maturity and grace had marked the president's successful effort to turn Soviet missiles away from Cuba, and his popularity had rebounded. Domestically, the country was in excellent economic shape, and he was presiding—provided Congress

passed his tax bill—the longest and strongest peacetime campaign in the nation's history (a prediction that came true) in foreign affairs, the U.S.S.R.'s most belligerent act in recent months had been to bid a Yale professor an espionage charges. The Soviets and China seemed more worried about one another than about the United States. In Vietnam, the government of President Ngo Dinh Diem had just been ousted in a military coup. The new government, pro-Western and anti-Communist, promised to stop oppressing the Buddhists—a feature of the previous government that the United States had opposed—and Kennedy was looking to the day when he could disengage from Vietnam entirely.

But the success of John Kennedy in November, 1963, was not something one could describe simply with facts and conditions. American presidents are, by virtue of the office, the most powerful men in the world. Kennedy, at that moment, was also the most popular man in the world, quite possibly the most popular man in all history. Not only had he rescued his countrymen from their post-Second World War torpor, but he had seemed to kindle a mania throughout the world about what mankind could and should be. His perpetual tan, expressive grey eyes and compelling face radiated promise. He was at once elegant and accessible, the embodiment of intellect, wit and charm. What he projected above all was a belief in mankind's possibility to determine its own fate.

Kennedy was going to Texas, nominally at the suggestion of then Vice-President Lyndon Johnson, in the hope that his visit might heal some ruptures within the state's Democratic party. But his trip had an even more important objective: to solidify his position with the voters of the state. Texas was critical to the president's re-election prospects in 1964, but winning the state was by no means assured. He had barely carried Texas in the 1960 election—he won by a mere 66,000 votes—even though the state's favorite son, Johnson, had been on the Democratic ticket. Nationally, his approval rating with the voters stood at a healthy 54 per cent, but among Texas voters it was well under 40 per cent.

In so Texas city was the president's political problem more evident than in Dallas. It was a curious city, beset with new wealth from discoveries of vast East Texas oil pools, evolving into a financial capital, its human beneficiaries exhibiting the ostentation and often the vulgarity of the nouveau riche. Its political sentiments were often expressed in a raw and primitive fashion, particularly by its leading newspaper, whose publisher once told Kennedy





Inauguration Day: 'he was at once elegant and accessible, and he seemed to kindle a vision throughout the world about what humankind could and should be'

that at a time when the nation needed a man as hardback as lead, he was, in effect, riding his daughter's tricycle. The white-collar majority of Dallas was essentially fundamentalist, uncomfortable with absolutes, uncomfortable, apparently, with a president who believed both in change and in compromise as a means to achieve it.

But none of this was evident to Kennedy as he alighted from Air Force One at Dallas' Love Field shortly before 11 a.m. on Nov. 22, 1963, his wife, Jacqueline, rises in her arms and a warm smile on her lips, at his side it was at Jackie's own initiative that she was with her husband in Dallas. If there had been problems between them in the past, their relations had been considerably strengthened in the aftermath of the loss at birth of their son, Jackie, who has consistently been portrayed as uninterested in politics, was in fact very committed to her husband's effort. Without glorifying herself (something totally out of character) she recognized that she was an important political asset and that her participation in the campaign for re-election would be a plus factor for J.F.K.

The day was sunny, the air fresh. An exuberant crowd roared its greeting, as if to prove to Kennedy that what he had heard about the city simply was not true. Eyes crinkling, smiling broadly, the president greeted the crowd with outstretched arms. Then the presidentialcade started into town. The car, the president's own, might have worn

its bubble top. Secret Service men might have ridden on its trunk, providing a human shield. But the president had vetoed all those measures because he felt they distanced him from the crowd.

Then, at the outset, the crowd had grown as the caravan approached the centre of the city. Then it thinned again, as the caravan made a sharp left turn at the corner of Elm and Houston streets and headed down an incline toward an oblong plaza. First came the police motorcycle escort and then the big bands with the Kennedys in back and John Connally, the Democratic governor of Texas, and his wife in the ramp seats. Moments before, Idavell Connally had turned to the president and said, "You certainly can't say that the people of Dallas haven't given you a nice welcome." Moments later, as they passed the Texas School Book Depository, a condescending brick building, there was a shot, and then another and another. The first bullet struck Kennedy in the neck. He slumped forward and leaned toward his wife. The second shot struck Gov. Connally. The third shot hit the right part of the president's head. "Oh, no, no," Jacqueline Kennedy cried. "Oh my God, they have shot my husband!"

At the moment the shots were fired, I was on board and a half out of Houston, aboard a sleek blue-and-white presidential Boeing 707 jet, bound for Wake Island and Tokyo. Aboard the plane were six members of the president's cabinet, including the Secretary of State Dean Rusk, who were travelling to Japan for a five-day economic conference with

the Japanese cabinet. I was immersed in my reading when I felt a tap on my shoulder. It was Robert Blawie, the assistant secretary of state for public affairs. "The secretary wants to see you up forward," he said.

I found Rusk, grave-faced, holding a yellow piece of paper in his hand. I recognized it instantly as having come from the plane's news Teletype machine. The words on the page were badly smudged—but what I managed to read was unbelievable.

I kept reading it over and over again. The words stopped on the paper. They would not go away.

In less than a minute, from almost 4,000 miles away, I was talking to the White House Situation Room, the operating nerve centre of the nation. "Situation Room, this is Wapide [my code name]. Can you give me latest situation on Lancer [the President's code name]?"

The answer came right back. "He and Gov. Connally have been hit in car in which they were riding."

Minutes that were lifetimes passed. Messages flew back and forth. Then, from the Situation Room: "...hold Wapide on the line. More information coming up—I read from air traffic: 'Kennedy apparently shot in the head, fell face down, blood on his head. Mrs. Kennedy cried out.' Connally half-seated slumped to the left, blood on face and forehead... president and Gov. Connally were rushed to Parkland Memorial Hospital near Dallas Trade Mart'—will contact you if we get more."

Our plane had turned back to Hawaii! Again, an inter-

mittable wait for messages. Then "Situation Room relay following in Wapide. Have report coming: 'Kidd' [one of my nicknames] that the president is dead..."

The president is dead? The words were surreal. The microphone dropped out of my hands.

I walked slowly back to Rusk's cabin. There were already streaking my face. "The president is dead," I told the subaltern officers. Without another word being said, everyone bent his head and said his private prayer.

Rusk then walked to the microphone in the front of the plane and announced the president's death to the 50 passengers. "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the secretary of state speaking. We have received official confirmation that President Kennedy is dead; I am saddened to have to tell you this grievous news. We have a new president. May God bless our new president and our nation."

There was a collective cry of anguish from the passengers. I was standing at the front of the aisle, sobbing. My wife, Nancy, came up and held me, tears running down her face. Other women reached for their husbands, and the aisle was clogged. Slowly the sobbing subsided, and these aboard returned to their seats and sat in stunned silence.

One thought kept running through my mind: I had been everywhere in the world with the president, from the small towns of America to Paris and Rome and Caracas and Bogota. I had been with him from difficult campaign days

the tall frame was hasty to get 39 people in one group to the tall frame welcome he had received from two million in Mexico City. I wished I had been with him in Dallas.

But now other, urgent thoughts intruded. At that moment, no one knew whether the act had been the consequence of a cruel homicide or the first shot of a global conspiracy. If it was the latter, then our plane, with six cabinet members aboard, including the secretary of state, was a likely target—a "strategic duck," for the craft was armed and without military escort.

In the hours that followed, the six cabinet members threatened out the possibilities. When the discussions had concluded, the consensus was that the assassin's plan was, indeed, the opening shot of a plot. Who was behind it? But



Family moments: 'pained by the mountains of lies'

was Cuba? Was it a right-wing conspiracy? And how widespread was it? Lacking answers, Rank ordered a war-livestock sort of American embassy. His principal concern was that with Washington immobilized by the tragedy of Kennedy's death, overseas enemies of the United States might take advantage of the situation to advance their goals somewhere in the world. Once we landed at El Mirador Field, Rank instructed Undersecretary of State George W. Ball to undertake an immediate country-by-country study of what foreign policy problems might be triggered by the assassination of the president.

When we were airborne again, the conversation turned to what kind of next would kill the president. The opinion was almost unanimous: it would have to be a brilliant right-winger from the lunatic fringe of Dallas.

The messages kept coming off the wire-service machines, and finally one started grinding out the story of the arrest in Dallas of Lee Harvey Oswald, 38, an employee of the Texas Book Depository, from where the shots had been fired. Oswald, dishonorably discharged from the U.S. Marine, had been missing when employees were rounded up for questioning, and police had put out a bulletin for his arrest. In his flight, he had killed a Dallas policeman who had stopped him for questioning. What stunned us most was the information that Oswald had gone to Russia and sought to renounce his U.S. citizenship and have active since his return to the States in the Fair Play for Cuba Committee. That was against all the propaganda then and we had established. "If that is true," Rank said, "this is going to have repercussions around the world for years to come." How prophetic his words were.

Our nonstop flight from Honolulu to Andrews Air Force Base arrived at 12:38 a.m., Washington time. In the darkness outside the plane, I heard my driver calling, "Mr. Salinger." I climbed into the car for the drive back to the White House.

Thought of rest was impossible. Numbness replaced weariness, and I plunged into work, almost like a sleepwalker. I called the hospital where the president's body was being prepared for burial and learned that the body would be brought back to the White House sometime after 4 a.m. I walked over to the East Room of the White House, where the body was to lie in state, to check the arrangements and then sat in the south driveway, where a military guard of honor was already forming.

At 4:35 in the morning a black hearse drove through the northwest gate and the signal of mourning standing at attention. The hearse was then carried by a group of men representing all our services. Following the hearse came Mrs. Kennedy, still wearing the pink suit she had worn that morning in Texas, systemed new with her

husband's blood. The president's brother, Robert Kennedy, was with her, as were several of the president's close associates.

The casket was placed on a black-draped catafalque in the center of the room while four guards took their places at the corners.

Mrs. Kennedy walked forward slowly and knelt by the casket in silent prayer. She then leaned forward and kissed the casket and slowly walked out of the door. Our chief was here. And for the first time since I had stood unceremoniously at the pass of yellow paper in the hands of the secretary of state, I began to believe he was really dead.

The rest of the night is a blur. I went back to my office for several hours. Mrs. Kennedy had visited Larry O'Brien and



Ken O'Brien, one of the president's closest associates, and me to spend the night sleeping at the White House in the quarters on the third floor, over the rooms where the president had had.

We sat on the edge of the bed talking for a half-hour or so, trying to piece together and relive the events of the day—and if one of us was sleeping, then the other would be awake. Finally, about 1 a.m., we went to sleep.

At 4 a.m. the telephone in my bed rang. I picked it up. The operator said, "Mr. Salinger, the president is calling." And for that instant I thought to myself it was all a dream, he wasn't really dead. And then another voice came on the phone. "There, that is Lyndon Johnson."

Johnson was calling me—so he would call the rest of John Kennedy's appointees—to ask me to continue as press secretary to the president. "Pardon, I know how much President Kennedy meant to you, and I know how you must feel now. But I want you to stay on the job. I need you more than he ever did." I told him I would stay.

I dressed quickly and went down to my office, packing in the East Room for another glimpse of the market. The door to the president's office was ajar, and I glanced inside. All of J.F.K.'s personal possessions had been taken away during the night—the rocking chair, the ship models, the marine paintings, the portraits of Caroline and John. Lyndon Johnson would not move into the White House until after the funeral the following Monday, but the sight of that barren office, awaiting its new tenant, made me realize that the transition had already begun.

For the next four days, I found myself serving both a living and a dead president. My twice-daily press briefings were attended by the largest crowd of reporters in White House history. Each was split into two parts, the first dealing with the funeral plans and the second with the activities of President Johnson. The deep personal affection most of the correspondents felt for J.F.K. was apparent at every briefing. Many of the newsmen wept openly. Others told me later that they had had to force themselves to take notes because they just couldn't believe they were reporting the funeral of John F. Kennedy. Quite often, not only during this period but in the months that followed, I would announce that "President Kennedy" had done this or that, but the press understood, and not one correspondent reported my lapses.

After one of the briefings, I went to the outer office to check on a press release I started. The secretary who had been typing it was leaning against a filing cabinet and crying. Blue correction fluid was spilled on her desk, and when I took the stencil out of her typewriter to give to another secretary, I saw the error she had been unable to correct: "President Kennedy today announced..."

He is still taken in the Western world as a young man, an extraordinary 80 per cent of the people questioned remembered exactly where they were and what they had been doing at the moment they learned that John Kennedy had been killed. Only half of these people had the same vivid recollection of details in their own families. Is there a man or woman, alive then and now, who does not recall the traumatic events that followed the assassination, each more poignantly than the last, aware that wrong from so such quantities of tears that we thought we had none left to shed, until the next most wrong news?

The tragedy is great of Jacqueline Kennedy, a widow at 34. The ring she placed on her dead husband's finger, the blue as his bloodied lips, the kiss upon his coffin.

The night of 20-year-old Oswald, kneeling at his mother's side, crouching beneath the American flag to press her hand to the casket. The farewell salute of tiny John, three years old on the day of his father's burial.

Was ever a sadness more pervasive? In Russia, Nixon

Khrushchev, whose Her husband, the Soviet premier, was the first to visit the U.S. Embassy in Moscow and to sign the condolence book. Warmers in Nairobi, Kenya, wept. Yugoslav's Marshal Josip Broz Tito was so overcome that he could scarcely speak. "Believe me, I would rather it happen in me than in him," a weeping Ahmed Ben Bella of Algeria told the American ambassador.

Thousands of young Americans, hearing the news, went immediately to airports, flew to Washington and stood all night in freezing weather to gaze the coffin. At one point the line they joined was three miles long, five abreast.

Bellmen placed candles in their windows at the suggestion of Mayor Willy Brandt. The taxi drivers of Rome parked an empty cab outside the U.S. Embassy with a wreath propped against it. After a performance at London's Old Vic Theatre, Laurence Olivier stopped the applause and bade the audience rise while the orchestra played. The *Star Spangled Banner* was on both sides of the House of Commons in Ottawa, and London's new *London Evening* in Canada and Harold Macmillan in Britain paid their tributes.

"All I have," Lyndon Johnson said gravely and quietly, his first words to the U.S. Congress as president—"I would have given, gladly, not to be standing here today." It was the day following John Kennedy's funeral, the day of a spirit still entering to nearly to the nation's cadences of the mailed drums that had accompanied his coffin to Arlington National Cemetery. To the Congress and the nation, Lyndon Johnson promised continuity. "John F. Kennedy told his countrymen that our national work would not be finished in the first 1,000 days, over as the life of this administration, nor even perhaps in our lifetime as this planet. But," he said, "let us begin." Today, in this moment of new resolve, I would say to all my fellow Americans, let us continue.

For once, he was exhausted, emotionally drained, unable to work after four days of around-the-clock service to both a dead and living president. Then, Robert Kennedy appeared that day and I and several close friends, went of these members of the president's staff, go to Florida and rent a house and just talk for several days. So we went, and one day we played a game of tennis football, and such was the rage we had held inside and the overpowering need to vent it that we played tennis one morning with a vengeance to the point that one of us grew broke a limb. And when our rage was spent, Robert Kennedy talked to me. Robert Kennedy who had suffered even more than we had, and he said we would not let the death of John Kennedy be the end of the world. We did have to continue.

John Kennedy's world

Fifty years have now passed since the assassination of President Kennedy at the height of his power and to the accompaniment of a moment of grief such as the world had never seen before.

The interval has featured a raging controversy over how Kennedy was shot, and by whom, and why. Few doubt that Oswald, the ex-C.I.A. man with Communist sympathies and a psychopathic past, fired the killing shot, but many believe that Oswald did not act alone. It is left not only that someone else was shooting but that a conspiracy of great significance was involved.

I believe that President Kennedy was killed by a single, deranged assassin acting on his own and that this man, in turn, was killed by another man acting on his own, who was



With Soviet leaders and (below) Pearson: "J.F.K. believed Khrushchev might pull the nuclear trigger"



softened and compassionately eased by grief. If someone had been able to prove otherwise in the interval, I would have accepted that proof, but, in the absence of proof after all these years and so much investigation, to argue the question further is pointless.

What seems to me to be much more to the point—particularly in a world far more dangerous than the one from which John Kennedy departed 26 years ago—is the question of what there was in this man that produced such universal hope and provoked such an outpouring of grief when he died. What events did his death unleash—not strictly on his wife and children or his brothers and their families, but on his country and the world? What future did he lose when we lost him?

For 15 years now, I have remained silent in the face of a mounting campaign to denigrate and even destroy the image of John Kennedy. He has been described as everything from a dangerous incompetent to a sex maniac. As we commemorate the 20th anniversary of his death, it is time to set the record straight. I will try to do that with the greatest possible objectivity. While I confess to an admiration and respect for his memory equal to what I felt for him in life, I could not betray him if I chose. The facts simply do not warrant it. To the contrary, they demonstrate that John Kennedy, at his death, was evolving into an exceptional president. I am positively aware that 1,000 days is an impossibly short period in which to prove good and worth in the most powerful office in the world. But, in those 1,000 days, I submit, he had already laid the groundwork for a world very different from, and very much better than, the one we live in today.

Let us begin with Kennedy himself, the president I served as press secretary and the man I knew as a friend.

He was not a perfect man. He was a human being, not a myth. For all his loftiness of purpose, he did not take himself that seriously. He had no great vision of himself as being some kind of political or intellectual giant. He understood that he was a human being dealing with human problems and that he would make mistakes. And he did make mistakes. But that was a man who learned from his mistakes, who did not commit them twice.

The Bay of Pigs is a perfect example. That effort to mount an invasion by Cuban exiles had been initiated during the administration of Dwight Eisenhower. Kennedy learned about it only after winning the 1960 election. But he did nothing to abort the mission—and his failure to do so was possibly the greatest mistake he made as president. Kennedy's decision to proceed was based on misleading assurances from the Central Intelligence Agency and the Pentagon, not only that the mission would succeed but that mass-

ive opposition in Fidel Castro's regime still existed in Cuba. Totally wrong on both counts. Nevertheless, Kennedy did not hesitate for a moment to take the entire responsibility for the debacle.

Forteen years later, I met with Castro in Havana—the only member of the Kennedy family staff ever to do so. Castro was still struck by Kennedy's conduct. "We must not forget that when everyone was blaming someone else for the Bay of Pigs, he stood up and assumed the responsibility for everything," the Cuban leader told me. He considered that stand "courageous."

The evolution of East-West relations during the Kennedy administration is very revealing about the Kennedy character. It showed him as a man who could and did learn from experience. And what a difference that made!

The initial contact—the meeting in Vienna between Kennedy and Nikita Khrushchev—was hardly as auspicious as the improvement of relations between the United States and the Soviet Union. The meeting was tough and direct. Khrushchev, in the final brief discussion between himself and Kennedy, said he could no longer postpone a settlement of the Berlin question and that he would sign a separate peace treaty with East Germany in December, 1961, at month's notice. Once that was done, he said, he would recognize no continuing American rights in West Berlin and would set off some roads to the city. If the United States chose to go to war over 100, "that is your problem," he said.

"It is you and not I who wants to force a change," Kennedy replied.

Khrushchev shrugged. His decision was final. "It's going to be a cold winter," Kennedy said—his last words to Khrushchev.

Perhaps the most important consequence of the tension in Vienna and the events that followed was the initiation of a remarkable series of private letters between Kennedy and Khrushchev starting in September, 1961. It was the first, and subsequently the most frequent, inter-administrative correspondence, although why the Russians elected not to do so was never made clear. I had a good relationship with two important Russian figures by that point, one of them Alexei Adzhubei, the Soviet chairman's secretary, who was the editor of the powerful Soviet daily, *Izvestia*. The other was Mikhail Khramov, who was Khrushchev's spokesman. We had debated the American television in the summer of 1961, and they had spent hours at my home outside Washington, discussing how U.S.-Soviet relations and communications could be improved.

There was another shadowy figure in the affair, Georgi Bolshakov, normally the editor of an English-language

Dacine Dallas: 'eyes crinkling, smiling broadly, he greeted the crowd'





Aftermath (Johnson, below right): 'her face a picture of ineffable grief'



The last journey: 'the salute of tiny John, three years old on the day'

magazine in the United States called *U.S.S.R.* (the product of a cultural agreement) but, according to the CIA, an important agent of the Soviet secret police, the KGB. Bolshakov accompanied Adzhubei and Khrushchev whenever we were together. He was a jovial man and a hard drinker but he spoke excellent English and often served as an interpreter when Adzhubei and Khrushchev wanted to be more precise in their own language.

The first message, from Khrushchev to Kennedy, was delivered to me by Bolshakov in a note at the Carlyle Hotel in New York. It was totally unexpected, and electrifying as well, because it signaled a break in Khrushchev's previous intransigent position on Berlin.

What impressed me about this and subsequent exchanges? I cannot break the secrecy that still surrounds

the meetings, but I can make some comments on their style and tone.

First, Khrushchev's letters. They showed a certain inconsistency. One got the impression that some had been written for him and that he had written others himself. The latter were far more important, for whether you liked Khrushchev or not, he was a wily, tough peasant with a view of world affairs that brought them down to basic human concerns. His letters dealt with comparisons between current events and common subjects like tilling the soil or bringing in the wheat harvest. During the Cuban missile crisis, he compared what was going on to two men pulling from opposite ends of a rope with a knot in the middle. "If we keep pulling, the knot will tighten," he said.

Kennedy's messages were casual, relaxed and informal.

He treated the Soviet leader with the greatest respect and constantly tried to emphasize the subjects in which there was agreement between the two countries. While the state department would draft papers dealing with the substance of Kennedy's response, the actual letter would be written by Kennedy in his own style.

The confidence built up between the men by this private channel at the highest level was certainly a major influence on Kennedy's understanding of Khrushchev's strengths and weaknesses, as well as Khrushchev's understanding of Kennedy's determination, which led to the defusing without nuclear conflict of the dangerous Cuban missile crisis. Kennedy believed that Khrushchev, if pushed to the wall, would not hesitate to pull the nuclear trigger, and he made certain throughout that the Soviet chairman was always presented with options. The policy was one of practical response, giving Khrushchev the time to reflect and change his policy.



Jack Ruby's revenge: 'Oswald killed a dream'

After Khrushchev had withdrawn the missiles, Kennedy was adamant that the United States not cry victory. For Kennedy, the painful result was due to the action of two men, not one, the other being Khrushchev. One can only wonder where U.S.-Soviet relations would be today if such a frank exchange were taking place between Ronald Reagan and Yuri Andropov.

John Kennedy did beat his countrymen. Twenty years after his assassination, a Harris survey showed that he ranks more highly among his fellow Americans than any of the eight preceding presidents. Forty per cent of those polled said that Kennedy must receive posthumous pardon in the White House. The closest former president was Franklin D. Roosevelt, with 25 per cent.

That regard, I believe, is reflected throughout the world as well. I have spent 15 of the 28 years since his death living and traveling abroad. Not a day in my life has passed away his death when someone has not mentioned him to me. I still see his picture hung in the houses of both the mighty and the humble. I saw it once on the wall of a little agent's flat in Moscow. It is clear to me that Lee Harvey Oswald did much, much more than kill a man. He killed a dream shared by all mankind.

A tribute to Jacqueline

Everyone lost something in the death of John F. Kennedy. Two people lost the most—his wife, Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy, and his brother Robert. This story is about them.

I met Jacqueline Kennedy almost 25 years ago when I first went to work for John F. Kennedy, then a United States senator from Massachusetts who was running for the presidency. In my first contacts with her, I found her to be a highly intelligent woman, soft-spoken and shy, with an immense passion for privacy. As a committee political activist intent on electing John Kennedy president, I was concerned by that shyness and quest for privacy. It hardly met the standards Americans had come to expect of wives at the sides of their mates in the grueling political arena.

The more I got to know Jackie, the more my view of her changed. I realized that her own predispositions would not keep her from doing what was necessary to help her husband. She would simply bring her own style to her efforts. Where the Kennedy family life was a turbulent one, and presidential politics even more turbulent, Jackie brought a calm serenity to her task. She defused tension with humor.

It is one of the great tragedies of the Kennedy family that more has been written about this woman who so greatly enjoyed privacy than about any woman in history. What adds such bitterness to the irony is that

so little of what has been written is true. In the 20 years since her husband's assassination, Jackie has lived her life frequently passed by the mainstream of film that have been printed about her but not near breaking her desire for privacy to answer her detractors.

It is significant that she hated the term "First Lady," as the wives of American presidents are called. She found it presumptuous, it was her husband who had been elected to the presidency. As she pointed out, she had not been elected to anything.

When Jackie arrived at the White House, daughter Caroline was already 3, son John barely two months old. Her primary concern, it was clear from the start, was to assure that her children would grow up as normally as possible in spite of their august surroundings, a difficult task to say the least.

One of her policies had to do with publicity. She wanted her children to be able to play in their backyard, just as other children did. The problem, of course, was that their particular backyard was the South Lawn of the White House, a favorite viewing spot for tourists and picture spot for photographers. The result was predictable. As the desire of publicity continued unabated, Jackie's anger mounted to the point of fury. Because I was the presi-



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dent's press secretary, I bore the heat of her enmity.

Sitting in my knees in the Pynchon countryside is a picture of Jackie and myself, with an inscription from her: "To Pierre—from the greatest event he has to fear." It was Jackie's humorous allusion to the norms of hand-written notes; she had sent me during the time I served as White House press secretary, protesting that I was not always doing enough to protect the children and the privacy of their lives. An example.

"I told Pam [Pam Turney, Mrs. Kennedy's press secretary] to tell you this about a week ago. I thought you had made an arrangement with the folios not to take children playing at wit. They have had all the pictures of Lincoln [Caroline's pet] they need. I want this—want no more. And if you are firm and will take the time you can stop it. So please do. What is a press secretary for—to help the press, you—But also to protect us.

Jackie was not an enthusiastic political campaigner and she did not make many appearances, but she was willing to do so when she felt it could be useful. When Kennedy went to Latin America in 1960, she went with him because she spoke Spanish and could deliver speeches in Spanish, which contributed greatly to the success of their visit. As the 1964 campaign approached, she volunteered to her husband that she would live in his hotel and would do whatever he asked of her.

That was why she was in the car with him in Dallas crashing his bleeding head in her arms as the car roared through the streets to the hospital where he would die.

The exemplary courage Jackie Kennedy displayed during the ensuing days and at the funeral will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. While many around her broke down, she maintained her composure throughout, her face a picture of noble grief, but her head erect and her eyes dry. It is not that she wanted to set an example for the hundreds of millions of people who would be watching, and I'm sure that is true. But Jackie considered her emotion a private matter, best expressed when she was alone.

Once the president was buried, Jackie retreated to Georgetown, to the home of her friend Averell Harriman. A few days later, one of the white-gloved sisters showed up at my office with a package. When I opened it I saw inside were President Kennedy's leather cigar holder with the initials JFK engraved on it. Jackie knew I was a cigar smoker and how much that particular memento of the president would mean to me. And she did something similar for all the members of the White House staff. What was the most heinous as she rifled through her husband's belongings to find something appropriate for each of the men and women who had served him.



A lament for Robert

Robert Kennedy was the best friend I have ever had. I cannot exaggerate his influence on my life. He gave me perspective, ambition and belief in myself, and then he gave me the opportunity to test myself as I had never dreamed I would. Whatever good has happened to me—and it has been a great deal—is to a great degree a consequence of his impact on my life. It does no dishonor to John Kennedy when I say that his brother Robert, had he lived, might have made an even greater mark on the world. Both men were idealists, but John Kennedy's idealism was tempered by pragmatism. Robert Kennedy, by the time of his death, had evolved into a deeply committed man.

Very few men have a public image so different from their real personality as did Robert Kennedy. The favorite image word was "ruthless." I never met anyone so sensitive to the sentiments of those around him. You can't be both sensitive and ruthless. From the time I first met him in 1956 until his assassination 10 years later, the evolution of Robert Kennedy was staggering. At the outset, he saw the entire world in black and white. Men and women were either good or



The fatal moment: 'Robert might have made an even greater mark'

bad. There were no computers. One of the surest of power taught him, particularly as attorney general, was that there were such things as grey areas, and that there was a need to compromise from time to time in order to advance toward objectives.

The years between John Kennedy's death and Robert Kennedy's death were a time of intense and fundamental political and personal introspection in the United States. It was in those years that we confronted the issues he expressed as an end to the war in Vietnam, equality for blacks, an end to poverty in the United States and elsewhere in the world. Once we were talking about Latin America, and Robert said, "If I had grown up in Latin America, I probably would have been Che Guevara." That will suggest the intensity of the revolutionary spirit that had developed within him.

Never, in all the time I spent with Robert Kennedy before his brother's death, not even in the most intimate discussions we had, did he once suggest as even remote that he, himself, wanted to be president or thought he one day might. His only ambition during John Kennedy's administration was to serve, if as effectively as he could, first as attorney general, then as senator, and finally as president.

I believe that, had he lived, he would have won the Democratic nomination in 1968. He believed it, too. In California, in early June, he felt that if he could win two state primary

elections in a single day, that would run down the nomination. Those victories—in California and South Dakota—came to pass on June 4, 1968.

Ten days before the California primary, I went to dinner at the home of one of the state's most powerful Democratic leaders, Paul Ziffren, and his wife, Mickey. There, I ran into a friend, the French writer Herman Gury. After dinner, Gury approached me and said, "You know, your guy will be killed."

I had managed to push the idea of assassination to the back of my mind. Suddenly, I was directly confronted with it. "Why do you think so?" I asked.

"He's too irresistible a temptation for the American paranoid personality, too much provocation, too rich, too young, too attractive, too happy, too lucky, too successful. He arouses in every 'personnel' type a deep sense of suspicion."

The subject came up a few days later in Mobile, where Bobby was resting at the home of film director John Frankenheimer. Gary was there, too, with his wife, Joan Seberg. He put the subject to Bobby: "What predictions are you taking?"

Bobby, who knew what he meant because I had already reported the conversation to him, shook his head. "There's no way at all. You've just got to give yourself to the people and trust them. From then on, it's just that good old 'letch luck.'" Bobby twirled a glass of orange juice in his hand. "In any event, you have to have luck on your side to be

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Ground Clearance (in)	15.6 17.5	15.6 17.5	15.6 17.5
Cargo Volume (cu ft)	2.8 3.8	2.8 3.8	2.8 3.8
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Beginnings (1960): 'both men were idealists'

elected president of the United States. Either it's with you or it isn't. I'm pretty sure there'll be an attempt on my life sooner or later. Not so much for political reasons. I don't believe that. Just plain rattlesnakes. That's all. There's plenty of that around. We live in a time of extraordinary psychic contagion. Someone should make a study of the transmuting effect caused by the mass media, which dwells on and lives by drama."

At six o'clock on the evening of June 4, Robert moved to the Ambassador Hotel, a few miles from downtown Los Angeles, to await the recruits. As the co-ordinator of press operations for the campaign, I remained downstairs in a ballroom where we had set up facilities for the press and where, win or lose, Robert would make a speech to aspi-

porters and campaign workers later in the evening. Whenever reports came in from South Dakota or various parts of California I would relay them to him in his suite.

From the start, it looked good, and by 11 p.m. I was able to assure the candidate that he could come down and make a victory speech with the confidence that he had won the California primary. When Kennedy finished speaking, the crowd in the ballroom was so vast that he decided to duck out through the kitchen. I remained behind with the press.

Suddenly people were rushing away from the kitchen. I fought my way past them and saw Robert on the ground. I was certain he was dead. I thought, not again!

An ambulance took Kennedy to a hospital. I had no car, and there were no taxis. A man on a motorcycle stopped and offered me a ride. My wife, Nancy, was with me. We both got on and roared across the city to the hospital.

They fought for his life, as doctors in another hospital had fought for his brother's life. But there he too was gone.

The funeral service was at St. Patrick's Cathedral in Washington. Burial was at Arlington National Cemetery. The coffin was carried from New York to Washington on a train. I have always maintained that if you want to know what America is really like you can't fly, you have to take the train. It is from the train that you would see Robert Kennedy's people. They were all there that day. There were so many of them, standing so close to the tracks, that the train had to reduce its speed. Even so, several persons were killed.

As Robert Kennedy's funeral train serried its way south through the states of New York, Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore and through the beautiful open countryside of Pennsylvania and Maryland, one thought kept coming back as I looked at the people assembled on that train. The tribute to Robert Kennedy was not the quantity of the people on the train, but their quality. He had that remarkable ability to involve and attract the best, the kindest, and most committed people. I doubt if Bob Kennedy ever called a single person in the top echelon of his campaign to ask them to come to work. They just came, giving up jobs and careers, changing their lives because they believed in him. And so it was on the train. The passengers on that train could have run the most exciting government the United States had ever seen. ♦

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Godin, the town of Mount Royal: the town will not become a ville, but anglophone, labor and business are still disappointed

CANADA

Lévesque's unfilled promises

By Anthony Wilson-Smith

Last September Quebec Premier René Lévesque committed his government to dealing head-on with the two most contentious issues of his administration: language and the economy. But last week, as the national assembly resumed after Lévesque had postponed sittings for more than a month, disappointment replaced optimism when he failed to prod the bold new measures promised in both areas.

The Parti Québécois willfully published Bill 57 and its changes to the province's Charter of the French Language (Bill 101), which will ease access to English schools, increase the number of bilingual signs and relax French-only requirements for restaurants serving anglophone areas. As well, Lévesque appeared on live television on Nov. 15 to announce an economic recovery plan. Then, two days later, Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau introduced a \$601-million non-budget which cut income taxes by four cents a litre. But these measures clearly did not satisfy Quebecers. The groups most affected by the two initiatives—the English-speaking minority, labor and businessmen—expressed their disappointment.

Bill 57, announced last Thursday, initiated many activists among Quebec's 750,000 anglophones. Despite the language changes, the law effectively bans English from almost all commercial signs in the province. Immigration and Cultural Communities Minister Gerald Godin said that the law would slow signs in such languages as Greek and Chinese outside "establishments spe-

Disappointment replaced optimism when Lévesque failed to produce the promised bold new measures

cializing in foreign national specialties or the specialties of a particular ethnic group." But Godin admitted that he had not yet decided if anglophones are an ethnic minority.

The PQ did where one public relations coup: Quebec will now allow the children of parents educated in English elsewhere in Canada to attend English schools in the province. That neatly shifts the burden of minority education

rights to other provinces. Quebec will permit English schooling only if the new arrivals come from a province that offers educational services to francophones comparable to the one available to Quebec anglophones.

Currently, only children from New Brunswick qualify, but Education Minister Camille Laurin said that Ontario will be eligible as soon as it passes laws governing French-speaking children educated in their own language. Before the changes, only children who had at least one parent educated in English in Quebec were eligible to attend English schools in the province.

Eric Malloff, the president of Alliance Quebec, the leading English rights group in the province, called the changes totally inadequate and also charged that business will still face problems in trying to recruit staff outside Quebec without more guarantees of English schooling. Still, Malloff expressed optimism that allowed hospitals and municipalities serving largely English populations to use English as well as French for their signs and names. Now those institutions will no longer require all employees to be bilingual if they can also provide services in French. It also means that the profes-

sionally anglophone Town of Mount Royal will not have to call itself Ville Mont-Royal. Beginning in 1985, students who have spent at least three years in an English high school in Quebec will get a bachelorette degree in English to pass a French test to practice a profession in the province.

The Parti Québécois' economic initiatives earlier in the week were also less dramatic than many observers had expected. Lévesque announced a wide range of programs to ensure economic recovery in the province, but he left Finance Minister Parizeau to provide the costs of many projects in his mini-budget. For one thing, Lévesque promised a \$160-million renewal of the McGill University area of Montreal—including a new home for the city's symphony orchestra—but Parizeau could only find \$20 million spread over the next four months for the province's grand recovery program. For their part, Quebec students said to some of North America's highest gasoline prices welcomed the five-cent-a-litre tax cut on gasoline to \$1.3 cents per litre.

But Parizeau's budget provided little aid for the province's businessmen. They had hoped for a cut in the nine-per-cent provincial sales tax or a drop in the high personal income tax. "We have to wait a month for this," said Thomas Gillespie, chairman of the Montreal Board of Trade's tax committee. "There was nothing in the budget to induce the private sector to create jobs. And the negative effects of taxation in Quebec, including high personal taxes, succession duties and sales tax, will remain." Labor was equally disappointed. "I did not exactly feel off my chair with excitement," said Gerald Lafram, president of the 170,000-member Confederation of National Trade Unions.

The PQ's poor performance on the economy provided a welcome opening for the Opposition Liberals. Barrengault's leader Robert Bourassa showed off his economic skills the night after Lévesque's address with a powerful televised rebuttal mocking the government's penchant for dramatic announcements. "Every year is an economic year for them," he said. Bourassa believes he can convince Quebecers that the PQ's preoccupations with independence is hurting the province. The former premier has consolidated his hold on the party since winning the leadership succession in October, and concern over replacing him is the next election is no longer an issue.

The committee's report itself does not blame Trudeau for the party's disarray, but Apps and most other committee members believe that there can be no reversal without a new leader. Indeed, even the powerful Duroy, Trudeau's old partner for 15 years, is now quietly spreading the word that he will support Guy Street lawyer John Turner as the next Liberal leader. Leadership aside, the Liberals must also solve serious organizational problems. The committee discovered that the party has as

The Liberals divided

One year ago Louis Campagnolo won the Liberal party presidency by promising to "revive, renew and reform" the organization. Now his Liberal colleagues will have an opportunity to weigh his commitment. Next week the president's 35-member reform committee will issue a devastating analysis of the party, which has governed Canada for 19 of the past 30 years. The committee's diagnosis of the party's health is damning and will not

arrive without a new leader. Committee member Adrian Apps told Maclean's last week that the report said the Liberal party is "tired, arrogant, self-serving, self-enriched and irrelevant in some parts of the country."

That blunt assessment takes place as Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's top advisers are getting the finishing touches on the government's 1985 speech, the package of job creation programs and legislative plans that will carry the Liberals into the next election. But the committee warned that even the most ambitious package of policy initiatives will not be enough to turn around the party's fiscal fortunes. The issue would be energy that has failed that party for the past 30 years has come to an end," declared Apps.

It was Apps' outrage that set off the reform drive as the first place his supporters in the Liberal convention a year ago led to Resolution 44, a bluntly worded denunciation of manipulation tactics of backroom powers such as Senators Keith Duroy. Three months later, Campagnolo announced the creation of the reform committee. Quebecers do not blame Trudeau for the party's disarray, but Apps and most other committee members believe that there can be no reversal without a new leader. Indeed, even the powerful Duroy, Trudeau's old partner for 15 years, is now quietly spreading the word that he will support Guy Street lawyer John Turner as the next Liberal leader. Leadership aside, the Liberals must also solve serious organizational problems. The committee discovered that the party has as

comprehensive membership list, national headquarters and various financial involvements. Fund-raising is haphazard and communications with riding organizations are chaotic.

But the Liberals must first face the challenge of producing fresh policies for the upcoming three-year session. Maclean's obtained a confidential document last week from a prominent Conservative who said it was an outline of the thought speech. The government plans to offer

two major election initiatives—shelter allowances and job creation programs—plus income tax cuts and a "confidence" selection of job creation programs.

One such initiative would be the creation of a new Conservative Corps of young people who would replace forests, clean up rivers and tackle other environmental problems. Another would be the distribution of "buy a job coupons." The idea of job coupons was suggested by the Economic Council of Canada in its recent report to Parliament. The government advisory agency recommended that workers be allowed to accumulate job protection credits throughout their working lives. If a worker was laid off, the credits would be used in the form of

government consent, which he or she could offer to a prospective employer. Once the worker was hired, the new employer could release the coupons for cash or tax breaks. "It is like something out of a Canadian Tire catalogue," said one opposition MP who he heard of the plan.

For Apps, the other 22 members of the president's reform committee and a growing number of Liberals across Canada, a major battle with Trudeau is beginning. "We must now suspend our best-had plans and allow a new party and a new agenda to take shape," Apps told the Young Liberals of Canada at their national convention. "That new party is not there in the back of our minds, it is in front of us, a great liberating beast which is about to roar." Implying words from a 28-year-old visionary. Now he and the committee face the task of keeping the vision alive. —CAROL GRAY in Ottawa



Campagnolo blunt critique

The Prime Minister's mission

By John Hay

Pierre Trudeau's self-styled "pilgrimage for peace" has come to its first halt last week. The Prime Minister left Ottawa on an 18-day tour that included visits to Japan, Bangladesh and New Delhi, where a meeting of Commonwealth leaders will try to find a common position on the Oct. 20 U.S. invasion of Grenada. But, as Trudeau arrived in Tokyo for a Nov. 10 lunch with strap-filled, pro-U.S. Japanese Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone, he seemed to have a clearer idea of why he made a last-minute decision to include Japan on his itinerary than did the Japanese officials themselves. The reason: normally well-informed foreign ministry officials in Tokyo knew little about Trudeau's peace initiative. Still, Trudeau was general encouragement for his ideas from Nakasone during a meeting lasting less than two hours. Nakasone was particularly interested in Trudeau's proposal to draw nuclear powers—including China—into global arms reduction talks.

Trudeau was less pleased with reports that senior U.S. defence officials meeting in New York on Nov. 17 had dismissed his peace plan as "not credible in Europe"—largely because of Canada's poor record on NATO defence spending. "European people are not used to their leaders with disarmament," Trudeau said sharply. As it is, Canada is currently spending \$18 billion, or two per cent of the country's gross national product, on defence. That represents a 20-per-cent increase in one year, and Maclean's has hinted that the government will announce an even greater defence spending increase as the three speech now being drafted for delivery next month. The themes of Trudeau's peace strategy emerged in a speech last week to a Liberal party meeting in Montreal, where he warned that three "dominant and disturbing trends" were endangering life on the planet. Those were "the brutalization of international relations" by the increasing use of force to settle conflicts, proliferation of nuclear weapons, and the increasing state of relations between East and West. "The Prime Minister often said that four elements of a program for political management of the current crisis...the program has been proceeding on his peace travels through six countries in Europe. He called for a conference of nuclear states to discuss weapons control (the United States, the Soviet Union, Britain, France and China) sometime in 1984, to start stabilizing and even reducing their nuclear arsenals.



Trudeau with son Justin leaving Ottawa: The Japanese knew little of Canada's peace

State Kenneth Dore was publicly cool to the Trudeau proposals during an Ottawa visit last week. One senior official in the three-member delegation from Washington said that the United States would be hard to hear from the four other nuclear states before committing itself to a nuclear summit.

The Dore statement earlier flew to Bangkok in an attempt to soothe Western alliance concerns about the U.S. invasion of Grenada. U.S. officials said that Washington did not oppose stationing a Commonwealth security force on the island after U.S. troops leave, but they

stressed that Grenada's interior government, sworn to by Gen. Gen. Sir Paul Scoon, must first request such a force. But the Commonwealth itself is deeply divided on the Grenada issue. Several members, including Canada and Britain, have condemned the invasion, while five Caribbean Commonwealth countries landed on the island with the Americans.

Moreover, the 48 members gathered in New Delhi cannot agree on Commonwealth Secretary-General Sengco Ramphal's proposal for a security force to keep order in Grenada. Last week Canadian officials said that the issue is so divisive that Commonwealth leaders might discuss it during a private workweek retreat in Canada. Or, rather, then.

Canada's allies have so far given only lukewarm support to Trudeau's peace initiative. U.S. Deputy Secretary of



Munro (left), Bennett: despite concessions, massive cutbacks are set for 1984

British Columbia takes account

Both sides made the most of their gains last week as British Columbia reentered from the largest in-bor shutdown in the province's history—a 10-day strike by 10,000 public sector workers. Premier William Bennett dropped his combative stance, but he continued to emphasize that his government's tough restraint program was still intact, despite the Nov. 12 deal that ended the strike. As well, the government is still planning to cut 10,000 jobs from its 60,000-member civil service.

In the end, the government agreed to take security into account when laying off and rehiring. And Roy Haynes, the former president of the B.C. Federation of Labour, "Any time you take the government on and hold it to a drive, that is something."

In return, the unions gave up a no-layoff guarantee for government employees with more than three years' seniority. But any workers facing a layoff now will be able to displace employees with less seniority within their own ministry. Yet groups concerned about changes in the labor code, new human rights legislation and social services—both groups may argue positions.

The strike ended when the B.C. Government Employees' Union (BCGEU) negotiated a new two-year contract after 30 days of intense bargaining. The government will raise union health, but wage union workers included in the original Fringe will now have their jobs protected under the new rules. Teachers, the other public sector union members, will now be exempt from the

controversial Bill 3 restraint legislation. As well, the government said that 105 million saved wages during the strike will go into the \$3.5-billion provincial education budget—only on the condition that the teachers make up the three days they were on strike. That stipulation had angered teachers. For its part, the BCGEU was satisfied with its new contract, even though it settled for a wage freeze in the first year and a four-per-cent raise in the second year. Still, the contract effectively destroyed two of Bennett's most contentious bills. The BCGEU was an exception from Bill 3, setting a precedent for other public sector unions. And Bill 3, aimed at limiting workers' bargaining rights, was one of four bills not passed in the last legislative sitting and is unlikely to resurface.

The BCGEU contract was the first step toward settling a chain of unresolved disputes. They ended when Jack Munro, regional president of the most powerful private sector union in British Columbia, the 50,000-member International Brotherhood of Americas, met with Bennett in his Kelowna home late on Sunday, Nov. 12. There, Bennett gave Munro coffee and a commitment to set up the consultative committees to discuss changes in social programs. They also agreed that neither side would carry claim victory in the dispute to avoid inflaming the war again. Most British Columbia unions would agree, content for the moment to recover from the conflict.

—JANE O'HARA in Vancouver

Alberta's scandal over a prostitute

A rare new scandal disturbed Alberta's usually placid political scene last week. Graham Harle, 51, the province's solicitor general, resigned after police had earlier found him with a prostitute in a government car parked outside a hotel in Edmonton's old red light district. It was only the second time in the 10-year tenure of Peter Lougheed that a member of his cabinet had resigned in disgrace and the first time a suggestion of illicit sex had tainted the administration.

Harle, a lawyer from the small town of Strathburg, 100 km northwest of Calgary, became Alberta's top law enforcement officer in 1979, taking over responsibility for police enforcement, provincial prisons and motor vehicles. The incident that led to his resignation began in the early morning hours of Nov. 16 when police maintained a watch on a woman sitting tailing in a white executive-model Chrysler parked outside a seamy hotel. The police left the scene after Harle identified himself, but five days later as anonymous caller told the Edmonton Journal about the routine check.

Harle, a cabinet minister since 1975 and an MLA since 1971, then told a Journal reporter that he had been conducting an unannounced personal investigation of prostitution activity more he became unclear why such a check was being done. "You certainly do not get firsthand information by going through several people," declared Harle. He admitted he had not told police or his cabinet colleagues about his investigation but denied that he had ever engaged in illicit sex with prostitutes. "Absolutely not," he said, swinging along again that talk was the best of his contact with prostitutes. On the night police questioned him, Harle said, he had been unable to sleep because of insomnia and had visited the woman later in the morning. He was looking for her outside the hotel and she was a prostitute only when she began talking.

Lougheed, who later named Attorney General Neil Crawford to take over Harle's duties, and belief in Harle's account of the incident was not an issue. "He, upon reflection, felt the circumstances had obviously affected his continuing credibility as solicitor general of the province and offered his resignation," Lougheed said. "I concurred with his assessment."

—PETER GORRIS in Edmonton

Province hospitalizes nurse Elsie Moody after the cost in 1978. She reported that a heart specialist told her to repay \$150,000 in fees he had improperly collected under the province's health care insurance plan.

She insists that she is "too small, too dark and too curly-haired," but *Montreal*-born model-actress **Doyle Macdon** appears regularly on the covers of high-fashion magazines and reports with Paris couturiers at Yves Saint Laurent and Dior. Now she is in Canada, making her first film at home since *Paperback Hero* in 1973, and Macdon wants to downplay her cover-girl image. "Models aren't taken seriously," she said during the shooting of the Robert Loden and Stephen J. Roth thriller *Bedroom Eyes*. Hadden, who plays a psychiatrist, is pleased that, for this film at least, she has been able to avoid type-casting. "I do not want to play a pretty object in a movie," she said flatly. But for someone who "does not look like anybody and is not blond," Hadden said that she has had a "long, hard struggle" to find a role that allows her to play a "real person."

"On May 3, 1983, Antonio Baldacci, a 60-year-old Montreal man, shot himself at Dorval Airport. A suicide note was found in his pocket explaining that he had been transferred to Scarborough, Ont. Mr. Baldacci did not want to go. Josh Freed and Jon Kaline's *Angels guide to normal in Quebec* is dedicated to the hapless Baldacci and other Montreal-loving anglophones.



Freed and Kaline, part of the group that opted out of the migration inward which peaked in the introduction of Bill 100 in 1977, offer some advice. If, one day, you have to transmit some business in English, carry a portable phone and work from the bathroom—



Macdon (above), Kaline and Freed: the "Lovers' Approach" is best

your co-workers will never suspect. The guide is already a runaway success, even francophones are known to have copies. Says Kaline, "It's a sign that things have become more amicable, that people are ready to laugh."

On Sept. 18, when Conservative Leader Brian Mulroney made his debut in the Commons, his presence in the House was anything but ordinary. Two anglophone aides trailed in his wake. The players, a newly appointed press secretary, **Claudy Mully**, and a TV film crew in a car driven by reporter **Luc Lenoir**. Mully and Lenoir seemed to have their fingers widely crossed as they vied to position themselves close to the Conservative leader, La-vie to take a picture and Mully, apparently, to appear in it. Lenoir arranged early in September to film Mulroney's first day, but Mully was not aware of the later arrangements made with Mulroney and his chauffeur. When Lenoir pulled out to give Mulroney and film his first, a new angle, Mully, shaking her fist, pulled to the left to

step into Mulroney's chauffeur, alerted at the dangle, sped away. When Lenoir caught up with the limo and pulled ahead for another try, he slowed down—and Mully ran into him. She later claimed, "I just turned the back of my car to tell them 'go go'."

Why has the debate not become public sooner? Saul Levine, "It's the story of Canada. We are a French nation. It was well-known among the francophones."

Last week across *Lovers' Approach*, Kirk Douglas, 67, and Charlton Heston, 53, both visited Canada, but for very different reasons. Douglas was promoting his latest film, the Canadian-produced western *Desperado*, while enjoying the spotlight for his role in the TV mini-series *Clay*, had another mission: preaching a distinctly Reaganite brand of anti-Soviet rhetoric at a fund-raising dinner for Tory provincial back-bender Paul Skymko. Heston did manage to

lighten the tone of the evening slightly with an anecdote about his old friend Douglas, who was stopped on the street by someone who claimed to admire his performance in *Ben Hur*, for which Heston won an Oscar. Douglas, who did not appear in the film, tried to set the record straight. "Well," said his unamused would-be fan, "if you're not Ben Hur, then who the hell are you?"

Macdon in *CHIN*: Mulroney's rhetoric



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Unloading missiles at Gresham; peace-wielding demonstration on the eve of deployment; the herd beginning to break

WORLD

The missile threshold

By Michael Posner

The war of crime was all too familiar. "In all arms control talks," a senior Soviet negotiator once remarked, "one-third of the work is completed in the first few weeks, one-third in the next five years, and the final third in the last few minutes." The last few symbolic minutes of the U.S.-Soviet intermediate nuclear weapons talks in Geneva may have begun last week. Shortly after 9 a.m. on Nov. 14, a U.S. Air Force C-141 Starliner landed at Gresham's Greenham Common, a U.S. military base 96 km west of London. Its contentious cargo: eight white, ground-launched cruise missiles with 15-kilohour nuclear warheads—the first of 572 intermediate-range weapons that NATO has pledged to deploy over the next five years.

The arrival of the missiles sparked a wave of protests in Britain. But it did not immediately disrupt the Geneva talks. A session at the U.S. Embassy broke up after only 35 minutes—a move widely regarded as a signal of Moscow's diplomatic flare-ups days later. U.S. and Soviet negotiators conducted a regular two-day meeting and scheduled a further conference for Nov. 28. Still, many analysts believe that

the Soviets may still stage a formal walkout. They have said repeatedly that they will break off the talks when NATO begins deployment of 464 cruise and 108 Pershing II missiles. Last week both the European Parliament and Italy's Chamber of Deputies voted to proceed with installation. This week the West German government is expected to give its final approval—after a historic and



highly charged debate in the Bundestag. For his part, chief U.S. negotiator Paul Nitze, 73, formally tabled a new U.S. offer last week. In a multi-door embassy conference room overlooking Lake Geneva and the Alps, Washington proposed a global limit of 140 intermediate-range missiles, with a sublimit of 600 warheads. Current U.S. estimates put the Soviet arsenal of SS-20s as high as 280, each carrying a triple warhead. Moscow has agreed to reductions, but only in the European theater. Another 117 SS-20s are targeted on China, South Korea and Japan.

The Soviet willingness to cut its European force is conditional upon NATO's abandonment of its deployment plan. Until now, Moscow contended, the SS-20s were already offset by nuclear-capable missiles and bombers belonging to France and Great Britain. But last week Moscow informally signalled, for the first time, that those independent forces could be considered in another set of arms control talks. And if NATO agrees to forgo deployment, the Soviets offered to cut the SS-20s targeted on Europe to 180. The White House quickly responded that the new Soviet proposal was unfair. It would preserve the Kremlin's monopoly in new missile deployments. Then So-

viet Defense Minister Mikhail Gorbachev decided that the Soviets had proposed the concessions. Still, senior U.S. officials assured Moscow that the offer had been made. On the eve of NATO's deployment, it was clear that the herd beginning had begun.

Diplomatic observers say that progress on peripheral issues—the number of nuclear-capable bombers, for one—has been made. As well, the two delegations continue to meet usually at diplomatic receptions and restaurants. But at week's end it was still not clear whether the subtle signs of even minor progress are genuine or whether they merely provide the groundwork for stage-posting on both sides when the talks end. The consensus in Washington is that the Soviets will complete the current round of talks but leave the resumption of negotiations after Christmas in doubt. Such a winter state department official last week. "The Soviets want the maximum degree of security, but they do not want to take responsibility for the collapse."

Still, such optimism failed to allay West European anxiety. Germany's anticuclear movement threatened to boycott the Bundestag during this week's final debate. And opposition parties will demand a veto on the use of German-based nuclear weapons. Says Social Democrat MP Kurtin Vogel: "Germany does not want its finger on the nuclear trigger, but it would appreciate us on the safety couch." In Brussels, church and youth groups Defiance Minister Michael Heseltine's announcement to Parliament that the first cruise missile had arrived. And at Greenham Common, scores of anticardinal demonstrators were arrested, but they vowed to carry on their 24-month effort to force the deployment by digging up roads, slashing trees and using other forms of civil disobedience. Heseltine, addressing Tory students, was agitated with rest and puffed with eggs.

The resulting tensions coincided with the 50th anniversary of the inauguration of U.S.-Soviet diplomatic relations—Canada did not establish formal relations with the Soviets until 1945. At a reception in Washington, Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin announced the "golden state" of improved relations. Still, the megaphone broadcasts regularly issued from the White House and the Kremlin are far more muted in Geneva. Diplomats say that Nitze and his Soviet counterpart Yuri Kovtchenko, have an amiable working relationship. If the arms talks should collapse, the two men will part with a cordial handshake, not a slammed door. But that was little comfort to those anxiously hoping for a sign of real progress.

Neil A. Walker in Geneva, David Kennedy in London and correspondents reports.

CYPRUS

A born-again blood feud

For months, Turkish-Cypriot leader Rauf Denktaş warned that he would declare the Turkish-occupied zone of Cyprus an independent state. He expressed increasing frustration over the lack of progress in talks aimed at separating Turkish stations on the divided island. But Greek partners in the Cyprus government, led by President Spyros Kyprianou, were aware of his plan, but they did not expect Denktaş to act on them. Then, last week, in a move that took even his Turkish backers by surprise, Denktaş carried out his threat. With unanimous support from the island's Turkish-

that the Turkish independence action was illegal. Only Pakistan voted against it. But Denktaş remained defiant. "What do I care if the whole world, against what is happening, tells [the Greek Cypriots] that they are the legitimate government? I do not recognize them, any people do not recognize them," he said.

In Canada, which has 2,000 nationals on the island, including a 500-strong peacekeeping force, External Affairs Minister Allan Rock also issued his concern. Said MacKenzie: "The government deeply regrets the decision. Canada recognizes only the Cypriot



Denktaş after the declaration: no serious commitment to a solution

Cypriot Legislative Assembly, he announced the establishment of the Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus. Said Denktaş: "We have realized that [the Greeks] have no intention of granting us equal partnership. Independence is the only way."

The declaration called an immediate international team. Ankara quickly accepted Denktaş's decision and recognized the new state. But governments elsewhere firmly opposed the declaration. Britain—which, with Turkey and Greece, is one of the original guarantors of the island's 1960 treaty of independence—demanded a draft resolution, later adopted by the UN Security Council, calling for a withdrawal of the declaration and urging member states to withhold recognition. The resolution said

that, the Republic of Cyprus. We have no plan to recognize this self-proclaimed new state."

That brought an angry response from Denktaş, who said he had doubts about the continued presence of peacekeeping troops from countries like Canada which opposed his action. But MacKenzie's criticism was echoed in Washington. Indeed, Turkey was alone in the international community in backing Denktaş. In Greece, President Constantine Karamanlis pledged that "Hellenism will face the new Turkish proclamation with calm." For his part, Kyprianou, who flew to London before journeying to the UN to make a formal complaint, said it was "inconceivable (that) what happened should go unopposed." Kyprianou explicitly ruled out force

as a solution, easing fears in Ottawa of a threat to the safety of Canadians and other foreigners on the island. But Greek Cypriots staged a one-hour general protest strike, closing government offices as well as shops and public transport. In Nicosia groups of miles Greek Cypriots gathered at army posts south of the Green Line, which divides the Turkish and Greek communities. Still, their reactions were muted. Greek-Cypriot students who marched to the presidential palace, obeyed calls for calm from Kyprianou, and neither Athens nor Ankara threatened to intervene. Said Greek taxi driver Nicos Andreou: "When dawn passed without the scream of jet fighters, I breathed a sigh of relief and had a late breakfast."

Indeed, Denktash's dramatic independence proclamation appeared to alter the existing situation on the island very little. Greek and Turkish Cypriots have been separated since the 1974 invasion of the northern sector of the island by militant Turkish troops. Since the invasion, the two communities have negotiated sporadically over a power-sharing agreement that would permit reconstruction. But, in fact, both sides have strong reasons for maintaining the current arrangement. As a result of the Turkish invasion, the Greek Cypriot community lost 75 per cent of its economic output. But since then the

Greeks have recovered spontaneously, restoring their living standards and rehousing the 200,000 Greek Cypriots who fled the Turkish-occupied zone. Greek Cypriots now enjoy virtually full employment, and an inflation rate of less than seven per cent. Turkish Cypriots have fared less well, depending heavily on aid from Ankara. But the Turkish occupation left them in control of 68 per cent of the island's thriving tourist industry. It has also given Turkish-Cypriot businessmen, formerly unable to compete with their Greek-Cypriot counterparts, a protected base from which to operate.

Just before Denktash made his dramatic move, UN Secretary-General Javier Perez de Cuellar unveiled a new diplomatic initiative. The six-page plan, which calls for the establishment of a two-nation federation with either a rotating presidency or a Greek-Cypriot president and a Turkish-Cypriot vice-president, had been accepted by the government of President Kyprianou. But they were rejected by Denktash. Instead, he called for a system that would make the two leaders appear as equals.

Denktash's declaration seems to have torpedoed the de Cuellar proposal. Still, Denktash was careful not to close the door completely. The independence proclamation "extended the Turkish-Cypriot hand in peace and friendship"

to the Greek-Cypriot people. The document also sought to allay fears of a linkup between northern Cyprus and Turkey. It promised that the new republic "will not unite with any other state." Not only that, Denktash claimed that the new state's existence would "facilitate the establishment of a genuine federation."

But at work's end that seemed unlikely. Kyprianou vowed that there would be no further settlement talks until Turkish-Cypriot leaders withdrew their declaration. As well, Denktash's move led to a sharp international reappraisal of the existing state of relations between the two communities and what should be done to best drive them. Canada's Maclean's, for one, noted that the possession of the peacekeeping force "had prevented a recurrence of intercommunal fighting." But he added that he will re-examine Canadian participation in the peacekeeping force. Said Maclean's: "Until the parties themselves are prepared to make a serious commitment to negotiation, no lasting settlement can be found." And the international consensus seemed to be that Denktash's unilateral move made it clear that no such commitment yet exists—or is likely to develop in the future.

—MICHAEL SCAPISSE in Athens, with Andrew Rossomou in Nicosia

THE UNITED STATES

Lifting a long, dark shadow

She was a pretty, 25-year-old woman, recovering from a failed marriage and an illegitimate child, when she had got up for adoption. He was a stinging bartender in the Cut-skills, a white Stearns Davis Jr. with a promising future and a failing marriage of his own. The unlikely romance of Ginger Post and Akis Skolote, who met there in 1964, was destined to follow a tragic course of drunken disputes, beatings and, finally, allegations by Skolote that Glaxo had poisoned Skolote. Then, last week a New Orleans court found the drug that had shadowed Post for six years, through investigations in three states and two extradition orders, the last of which preceded her trial. The Louisiana jury, after only two hours of deliberation, acquitted Post of the 1965 murder of Argentine businessman Moses Chago, a crime which Skolote, 46, himself twice convicted of manslaughter, had accused her of helping him to commit. Said a relieved Post as she was being hugged and kissed by well-wishers: "If I had been a white, middle-class man [in similar circumstances] I would not have been prosecuted."

The verdict followed an eight-day

trial in which the pathos of the couple's life together compared with their conflicting versions of Chago's murder for public attention. Now serving a prison sentence in Nevada for another slaying, Skolote testified under immunity that he and Post had conspired to rob an accompanying tourist from the French Quarter in New Orleans. According to Skolote,

It was essentially a test of credibility: the word of a convicted killer against that of a victimized woman

Post drove Chago to a secluded spot, where, during a struggle, Post killed the Argentine with a fire iron Skolote claimed they stole \$1,600 that Chago had intended to use to pay for hospital treatment for his sick child.

Post, 62, a former president of the National Organization for Women's California chapter, presented the jury with a strikingly different version of

the events. During 16 hours on the witness stand, she testified that she never met Chago but had fled to California at Skolote's urging after he awakened her on the night of the murder and told her that he had cheated "someone important" at cards. At first they were happy. In 1967 they bought a bar in Tarrant— the No Regrets—and rented an apartment overlooking a golf course. "Everything I had wanted for," said Post, "the successful business, the house, the marriage, everything was coming true." But when business declined, Skolote reverted to his former behavior, terrorizing Post with lurid tales of men and women he had murdered and sexually mutilated.

Post said that she felt her first sense of freedom in 1968, when Skolote was convicted of manslaughter and imprisoned. In 1970, despite his threats to kill her or see her "rot in jail," they were divorced, and Post began a rapid rise through the ranks of California feminist organizations. The murder charges resulting from the 1965 case only surfaced in 1977 after Skolote confessed to that slaying—and a second robbery-killing in Nevada. Last week's trial was essentially a test of credibility—giving a convicted manslaughterer's word against that of an apparently victimized woman. It was not, in the end, much of a contest.

—MICHAEL FOSTER in Washington

RENOWNED AT REUNIONS

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Character and quality

The guerrillas tighten the ring

On June 30 the United States launched a \$10-million aerospace pacification program in El Salvador's San Vicente province. Washington designed the project to encourage local farmers to resettle areas from which they have been driven by civil war. Earlier this month Maclean's correspondent Paul Allmon went to San Vicente to examine the effects of "Operation Withering." His report:

At first glance, it appeared to be the kind of situation that U.S. military planners have long dreamed of creating: government officials restoring life to a war-torn town

for a second time and held the guerrillas under siege for 12 hours.

The attacks demonstrated the growing effectiveness of the Fuerzas Armadas Nacionales Liberadoras (FANL) and confirmed the fears of U.S. advisers. "The initiative has clearly passed to the guerrillas," said a military observer who asked not to be identified. He claimed that Washington is becoming preoccupied by the possibility that the FMLN might destroy the San Vicente operation, which was described by U.S. advisers as its last gasp as the "last hope for El Salvador."

Since then, the White House has not



Encircling an army colony is a major setback to Washington's strategy.

while the army ejects left-wing guerrillas from the area. "Electricity will be back on tomorrow, water soon, and I understand, the government is sending paid San Lorenzo will be a spectacular panorama," declared Jorge Posco, a party teacher of public relations who is president of the municipal reconstruction committee of San Lorenzo, 50 km out of the capital of San Salvador.

The electricity did indeed return the next day. But so did the guerrillas. While a 1,000-strong army force moved toward the San Pedro hills to the north, 300 guerrillas slipped into the town and occupied it. The government troops swiftly returned and briefly retook order. Then, the guerrillas struck

managed to achieve either of its goals: the clearance of guerrillas from the province and the resettlement of 35,000 displaced (displaced people)—almost a quarter of the total population of San Vicente—on abandoned lands. The confusion generated by a summer of relative tranquility has been replaced by a sense of fealty. It now appears that the guerrillas reacted to the increased government military activity by taking a rest and finding ways to combat the new strategy. The deterioration in El Salvador is a major setback to Washington's strategy in Central America, just when the Reagan administration's policies appeared to have some possibility of succeeding. The successful levelling

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Transmission-cable facilities at Alcan: the upturn in profits has been as sharp as the recovery itself.

BUSINESS/ECONOMY

Winning a fight for corporate survival

By James Fleming

It is a trend that has cheered corporate leaders across the country. Eleven months after the low point of the recession, corporate profits are rebounding. Economists expect that after-tax profits of Canadian corporations will increase by 45 to 55 per cent this year, after dipping to a five-year low in 1982. That upturn has spurred too many for the 10,000 firms that went bankrupt in 1982 and does not apply to such key industries as steel and mining. But the trend does involve the many Canadian corporations are recovering after months of fighting for survival.

Recently, a series of earnings reports and profit surveys have confirmed the improvement. According to a *Financial Post* survey of 180 companies, after-tax income for the firms was up 51.8 per cent at the end of the third quarter from a year earlier, although experts expect that pace will slow considerably by year-end—and in 1984. Among the star performers in the third quarter: Alcan Aluminium Ltd., which made \$27 million (U.S.) after losing \$25 million in the same period last year; Ford Canada Ltd., which improved its profits by about 4,000 per cent

from last year to \$40.3 million; and the National Bank of Canada, which led the banks with a 569-per-cent increase in earnings.

So far, the upturn in profits has been as fickle as the economic recovery itself, affecting some sectors but not others. To a large extent, the firms that have

turned the corner to profitability have done so as a result of drastic cost-cutting, massive asset sell-offs and pay-roll-shaving induced by the recession. But many have also benefited from the consumer spending spree which fuelled the initial stages of the economic recovery. Auto sales boomed ahead by 34 per cent in the nine months ending in September, over the same period last year. As well, government programs which boosted housing sales earlier in the year or spun off increased furniture and major appliance sales. The Canadian Appliance Manufacturers Association estimates that appliance sales will be up by \$60,000 units from last year's sales level of 2.2 million—an 18-per-cent increase.

For the most part, merchandisers were also helped by consumers who resumed spending. A leader in the group was Toronto-based Dyer Ltd., parent of a host of apparel chains, which was not only profitable in 1982 but boosted its income to \$4.1 million in the third quarter, up 654 per cent from a year earlier. SFR, known to plague such major retailers as The Hudson's Bay Co. and Consumers Distributing Ltd.

For banks, the profit results were also mixed for the third quarter. Most showed an im-

provement over last year, but the profits of four, including the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce and the Toronto Dominion Bank, declined. Dufferin discounting bank profits, and Frank Hines, an economist with Toronto-based investment firm McLeod Young Wirtz, was a cutback in corporate loans, which shrank by \$1.1 billion, from \$11.3 billion at the same time last year.

Hines also explained that the overall upturn in corporate profits must be put into perspective. At the end of the second quarter, he said, profits reached an annualized rate of \$25 billion. Still, he added, that is 16 per cent below the \$37.5-billion profit level of 1980. As well, he said, when a 38-per-cent increase in prices since 1980 is taken into account, current profits are 43 per cent below the 1980 level in real terms. Using another measure, the relation of total profits to GNP, Hines points out that profits represented 6.3 per cent of the GNP in the second quarter, an improvement from 5.8 per cent in 1982 which was a 36-year low. By comparison, he said, the normal rate is about 10.6 per cent, a level that he predicts will not be reached until 1985.

Like Hines, most analysts have lowered their earnings forecasts for 1983 and 1984. The main reason for that is the stagnant state of commodity prices, which have kept most mining and steel

companies in the red. And a turnaround is not likely in the near future. Smaller automobiles and houses combined with competition from metal substitutes like plastic and Third World mining operations may permanently keep demand for Canadian mine exports well below past levels. Still, some resource companies have benefited from the recovery. So far, tapered auto sales have boosted zinc and aluminum prices, as well as the profits of firms that produce them. At the same time, Enbridge Inc. was the only integrated steel company to remain profitable. The main reason: it produces flat-rolled steel products used in autos and appliances. Forestry companies, too, were pulled out of the red in the first half of the year because of an upsurge in housing starts and lumber prices. Then, starting in August, demand for lumber shrank as housing starts fell off. But now prices have recovered, and forestry firms believe that the worst is over.

But these cases are exceptions in the floundering resource sector. The news-

print industry is stagnant, operating at 80-per-cent capacity, and the demand for most metals from copper to nickel is not expected to improve until next year. The key to recovery for the mining and steel companies, says Gordon Upmire, a

Wood Gundy analyst, "is increased capital spending by other industries."

Indeed, for the past year corporations have been too busy rearranging their debt-laden balance sheets to worry about spending money on new plants and machinery. That is clear from the rash of new equity issues designed to raise cash to pay off long-term and floating rate debts. Experts say that business investment will not strengthen until late 1983 and 1984. Royal Bank economist Earl

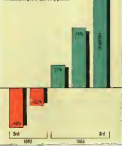
Sweet predicts that it will increase by a modest 3.4 per cent in 1983 and eight per cent in 1984. But an upturn in investment spending is also the key to the recovery as a whole. Said Edward Newfield, chief economist at the Royal Bank, "It is not possible to have a sustained recovery without an increase in business capital spending." ♦



Forecast: caution forecasts

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Annual changes in quarterly profits



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Raising the ante in aerospace

For Industry Minister Edward Leamy, the aerospace industry is a potential bright spot in Canada's economic future. To that end, he announced recently that Ottawa has signed an agreement with Bell Helicopter Texcon Inc. of Fort Worth, Tex., to build helicopters in Canada for the first time. But as the government worked out the final details in the official contract last week, it remained unclear whether or not Ottawa's latest venture into the aerospace trade will be a success.

Canada's attempt to keep its aerospace industry alive has a spotty record. Ottawa paid out hundreds of millions of dollars in the mid-1970s to acquire Texcon's de Havilland Aircraft of Canada Ltd. and Canadian Ltd. of Montreal from their foreign parents. Since then, both firms have suffered financial losses. Canadian faltered when its Challenger executive jet proved—initially at least—to be a financial and commercial disaster. Now, Ottawa is apparently turning back the clock by injecting large amounts of government money into private, foreign-owned operations, its practice before the de Havilland



Bell plant in Texas; job commitments may not be 'worth too much'

and Canadian purchases.

Under the terms of last month's deal, Bell Helicopter will develop and market three models of light, twin-engine helicopters at a plant near Mirabel Airport outside Montreal. The governments of Canada and Quebec will jointly contribute \$270 million over the next five years to the \$640-million project. The government also announced plans to contribute \$400 million over the next 10 years toward research and development costs for Pratt & Whitney Canada Inc.

of Montreal, a U.S.-owned firm which will make engines for two of Bell Helicopter's three models and which is one of the most successful Canadian aerospace firms. The governments estimate that the Bell Helicopter project will create roughly 2,800 permanent jobs over a 30-year period, but there are no specific employment guarantees in the agreement with Bell. In fact, the management requires only that the multinational giant, which last year had sales of nearly \$1 billion and which is



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the largest U.S. helicopter manufacturer. "By its best to maximize employment levels," according to Raj Dayal, senior project officer in the government's aerospace branch. Dayal said that the job estimates are calculated on the basis of conservative growth estimates for the fast-growing twin-engine light helicopter market. But he added that, if the market proves to be less than buoyant, the job commitments "are not worth too much."

Without solid job guarantees, some critics contend that the deal may not be in Canada's best economic interests. Myron Gordon, a professor of finance at the University of Toronto's Faculty of Management Studies, said that Canada is taking the largest risk in the deal. "It seems that the government is bearing a very, very disproportionate share of the investment and the risk," he added. Gordon's concerns arise from the fact that Canada is putting up 65 per cent of the \$400-million initial development funds—money which in any venture is the most exposed. For one thing, Ottawa might never see its money, then discover that projections for the helicopter market were optimistic and that the company might not hit its target.

Ottawa also has dreams of a second helicopter plant, this one in Ontario, but talks with foreign manufacturers are only in the preliminary stages. The federal fascination with helicopters is not just an attraction to the romance of flight. Canada's fleet of civilian helicopters is the second-largest in the world and projected to mushroom over the next 30 years. The goal of the Mirabel plant is the construction of light, twin-engine helicopters that are faster and more efficient than the current models. They will be sold for civilian uses, such as servicing offshore drilling rigs. When the company develops the technology—which it will use for the three helicopter models to be built in Canada—it will become the property of its Canadian subsidiary. That means that the U.S. parent firm will not be allowed to produce helicopters that compete with its subsidiary's products. But Dayal said that the parent company could negotiate with its subsidiary to use the technology to develop another type of helicopter which would not compete directly with the three Canadian-made models.

Federal officials stress that Canada could recover all of its investment money, if the helicopter models prove popular, through a two-per-cent royalty on all sales after Jan. 1, 1990. Still, Gordon is convinced that estimates of market demand may be inflated. But that is a calculated gamble which the government appears willing to take in its quest to create more jobs.

—Linda McQuaid in Toronto

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Engineering a unique success

By Peter C. Newman

Your standard corporate tabloid isn't dead.

Bernard Lamare, the energetic French Canadian who heads this country's largest engineering firm, sits before a public camera by the Montreal club called the Rex Mouton, animatedly explaining how much fun it was drilling 7,000 wells with an Africa's Ivory Coast. He then regales himself by explaining that, as a typical Canadian doing business in the Third World, he never hands out any bribes without first demanding a tax receipt. "We make sure we get a signed invoice," he says. "And payment is always in the form of a cheque and never cash, so we can claim it on our income tax. Of course, we have an advantage over the Americans—they're forbidden by law to pay out anyone's commissions."

The head of a private and largely unknown Montreal company named Larabin Inc., Lamare is an internationally minded engineer. He has spun a minor family enterprise into a world-beating conglomerate with 30 divisions. Larabin is currently working on projects worth \$3 billion in 50 countries.

An extrovert who has mastered the actor's repertoire of gesture and body language, Lamare reveals in the role of self-made tycoon a federalist, he considers his citizenship a piece on his personal balance sheet. "It's a big asset to be a Canadian," he says. "When doing business in Africa, for example, we speak both main languages and are masters of North American technology—but we don't have any colonial past to live down. Nobody is afraid of us. We export know-how, not a way of life."

Lamare and three partners (his brother Jacques, Marcel Dubois and Armand Gauthier) own Larabin, which last year collected engineering fees of \$20 million and completed another \$20 million in construction contracts. But it is Lamare himself who runs everything. At the company's annual network reception for Montreal's industrial elite, guests are greeted by a recording tape of one Bernard Lamare.

His sprawling firm employs 5,000 professionals and technicians working out of 38 Canadian offices (in places as small as Bathurst, N.B., and Reschenburg, Que.) and three permanent locations abroad, including France, Algeria, Nigeria and Indonesia. Most international jobs are financed either by the

World Bank or the Export Development Corp., so that getting paid isn't a problem. Larabin operates in something called transnational studies and plans, which in this context denotes the basic infrastructure needed to turn jungle into arable land so that Third World citizens can be moved out of crowded poor areas.

Lamare's empire has grown largely through takeovers and new includes such once independent giants as Warnock Hersey, Shawinigan Engi-



Lamare among opportunities abroad

neering and the Canadian arm of Shell Petroleum Ltd. Among the newest ventures is a majority interest in the engineering arm of LaRue Coppel, a giant French-Beigan cement complex. There's also a joint venture with Solus Ocean Systems of Houston to produce automated submersibles for oil drilling rental support. The company is operated as a conglomerate of nearly 100 down profit centres, all reporting ultimately to Lamare.

"There are amazing opportunities for Canadian engineering firms abroad,"

he claims. "We have a strong international reputation as great builders, particularly for being more efficient than anyone else in the field. It's probably because Canada itself is still in the building process—unlike the United States and Western Europe, which experienced their main construction boom a long time ago."

Various Larabin subsidiaries are currently constructing the Peshawar aluminum smelter in Quebec, building an upgrading facility for heavy oil for Petro-Canada in Montreal, designing the world's largest vertical access well for a new gasfield for Hydro-Quebec, completing an electrical substation at the foot of Mount Kilimanjaro in Tanzania, and planning major power projects in Argentina and Peru. The most unusual structure built by the company was a dramatic five-storey cement tower erected to celebrate the 30th anniversary of Algerian independence.

As well as doing the actual construction and engineering, other Larabin companies carry out economic, social and environmental studies that estimate the effects of completed projects. Larabin's interests range from biotechnology, airborne geophysics and ice engineering to the redesign of municipal sewage systems and the planning of new harbours.

An art collector of international renown (and currently chairman of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts), Lamare puts aside one-quarter of one per cent of the entire budget of Larabin to purchase the works of living Canadian painters. As well as the Maniport canvas, the hangings on his bookshelves include a magnificent Rapallo, a Jack Bush and experimental works by Claude Tassement and Ferdinand Tassin.

Lamare spends much of his time on the road but claims he is always happy to get back to Montreal. "I'm so optimistic about this place," he says. "We will have to change a bit and adapt our policies to modern realities. We have lost most of our head office, but I still think we have a very good chance of becoming an international centre. We have to find our true national home. Boston is a university town. Baltimore has its harbor. We could be the service centre of Canada, and we will first have to become a local market. It's true that there are huge opportunities in the Third World, but we won't get taken into the main stream. It's not a question of years, but of a generation or two."

SPORTS

The end of a decade of excellence

The Canadian Football League has a new look for this year. Grey Cup week. For the first time in seven years, and only the second time in a decade, the Edmonton Eskimos will not be playing in the national championship game. One of the great dynasties in Canadian sports history has finally come to an end. The team's record reads the glory years of the Montreal Canadiens when they dominated the National Hockey League in the 1950s and 1970s. The Eskimos scored six victories in nine Grey Cup appearances, with the last five in succession. But the reign ended with a humiliating 49-22 semifinal loss to the Winnipeg Blue Bombers last week.

The players gathered at the Eskimos' spring training camp in 1972 were a motley crew of football vagabonds and rejects. They looked out of place in the green and gold that Johnny Bright, Norm Kwong and Jackie Parker had worn so proudly in the 1950s. But from that group, coach Ray Jack, and later Hugh Campbell, fashioned a powerhouse of a calibre the league may never see again.

The Eskimos of the 1950s were built around a most unlikely hero—a pot-bellied sheep farmer who had bounced from the Toronto Argonauts to the British Columbia Lions before landing in northern Alberta. "We had a ragtag bunch of rejects, outcasts and trades who knew they were on their last chance," says the now retired hero Tom Wilkinson. "Every player on our offensive line had been cut or traded. But that kind of atmosphere did a lot to generate what they call team spirit." That spirit was fuelled, too, by winning. Wilkinson, the partly quarantined, led the Eskimos to second place in the West in 1972, and the reign of terror began.

The Eskimos won the West the next three years as the cast of characters around Wilkinson emerged as stars. Place kicker Dave Cook regularly broke CFL scoring records. At the same time, Wilkinson was throwing to receivers the George McGowan, who was named the league's outstanding player in 1973. Defensive back Larry Highbaugh accumulated credentials for the league's Hall of Fame, and the defensive line scared the nation—"Alberta Grads." The Eskimos lost two Grey Cup games in the dynasty, but slowly the chips in the dynasty were filed, and they were their first national final since 1966 in 1975.

The management fired Jack after

Edmonton lost the 1976 western final, and Hugh Campbell, a former all-star receiver with the Saskatchewan Roughriders, took over. The soft-spoken, very humorous coach, with executive manager Norm Klusahl, recreated the team's grip on the West and the city's grip on its stars. "We don't build in problems," Klusahl said. "We do not want any discontented, disinterested people here." As the Eskimos marched through the 1970s and into the 1980s,

in 1982, the Eskimos were the source of the league's worst 70 and losing just 20 regular season games.

But the end began after last year's Grey Cup victory over Toronto, when Wilkinson retired and coach Campbell took a job with the United States Football League. Pro Kettala replaced him. He had no CFL experience, and doesn't test speed through the team. Most won't public with his demarcation over Kettala's new offence, teammates



Moore after playoff loss: from a ragtag bunch to five straight Grey Cup victories

winning the West on three times and the Cup five times under Campbell, the only division was in the CFL's other eight cities, the championship only among Edmontonians. In 1980, after the team's second ever loss in two-year-old Canadian Football League, Campbell said "Our fans were watching the game like they were watching a play at the theatre. They have actually cheered for our opponents, hoping for a close game." With the addition in 1978 of quarterback Warren Moon and receivers Tom Rost and Brian Kelly, to complement defensive superstars Dave Penick, Dan Kopylov and company, there were even fewer close games. In the six years from 1977

around and criticized each other in newspaper interviews. Management replaced Kettala at midseason and hired Jackie Parker, the brightest hero of the 1960s Grey Cup championships. It was too late. Moon, playing on his fifth option, complained of arthritis, and the club faltered to an eight-win, eight-loss regular season. His worst since 1971. And with 17 players 30 or older and Moon possibly heading to the National Football League or the CFL, the Eskimos finally find themselves where their rivals have been for 30 years—rebuilding. While it lasted, the Edmonton dynasty was the most glorious ever.

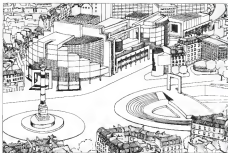
—HARVEY KATZ in Toronto

A Canadian designer triumphs in Paris

By Susan Riley

Until last week few people outside Toronto's architectural community knew the name of Charles Gilt. Those who did knew him to be a gifted young designer with impeccable academic and professional qualifications, a man with a promising future. Then, overnight, the 37-year-old Uruguayan-born Canadian became an internationally renowned figure. Gilt defeated 747 competitors from around the world to win the contract to design Paris' prestigious opera house. His triumph assured him a lasting place in architectural history and a million dollar fortune. Designed by reporters in Paris, the soft-spoken Gilt acknowledged "I was staggered when the decision fell. It is a rare honor."

Since August, Gilt has worked for Nash Owen Bowland & Roy, a large Toronto architectural and engineering firm, but he entered the Paris competition as an individual. He began in mid-February, working on the design at home in his spare time. So far, Gilt has only been paid \$50,000 (France \$88,125), although he is expected eventually to



Drawing of the new Paris Opera: Gilt, one of the most prestigious contracts in decades.

make more than a million dollars as architect's fees on the \$300-million project, which is scheduled to be completed by 1989. Fellow architects hailed the victory as proof that individual vision can survive in a strictly regulated profession. Said Gilt, "I believe in the importance of the Montreal-based architectural magazine *Section 8*. This proves that one man or woman can do it." While referring to international competition, Gilt won several thousand dollars, the French government limited the

number of documents required, making its competition less expensive and more accessible. Invitations came from 1,600 candidates in 58 countries. Still, the most architect in a country if compiling, admits. Said Hirsch: "You give your heart to it totally. It is work that makes you suffer."

For Gilt, whom colleagues describe as a "very intense, very emotional and personable" man, the challenge was finding a design that would not violate the historic Parisian presence of the Place de la Bastille—a task that one Parisian critic described as "fitting an elephant into a very tiny bathtub." According to Parisian commentators, Gilt's multi-level design is simple, functional and restrained. French President François Mitterrand eventually chose it from three finalists partly because it was in keeping with his political style, known as *le jeune bourgeois* (understand strength).

Gilt was also careful to respect the sensibilities of most Parisians. According to Hirsch,

other competitors erred seriously by proposing elevated skywalks to link different elements of the opera project. By contrast, Gilt proposed underground tunnels, including a rehearsal hall, at subway level, to celebrate the role of the underground musician in Parisian life. The young architect's sensitivity to Parisian history and its daily life helped him win, said Hirsch. The noted Paris architect Gerard Charlet agreed. Said Charlet: "My comparison with other modern works exhibited upon Paris in recent years, I would say that Gilt is the first to get it exactly right."

For the next two years, Gilt, who studied in the United States and Uruguay and emigrated to Canada in 1974, will work in Paris with as many as 50 assistants. A former manager of architectural design for the giant Calitex Furniture Corp. and project architect for the recent extension of the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto, Gilt is anxious to return to his adopted city as soon as he can. "I am keen on bidding for the design of the new Toronto opera house when that project begins," he told Maclean's last week. But after winning what Paris competition official Marie-Françoise Georges termed "one of the most prestigious contracts in decades," Gilt is almost certain to be at least on the short list.

With Peter Lewis in Montreal

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THE GIFT THAT TAKES 52 WEEKS TO UNRAVEL



GI Joe and military equipment; NE-MAN (below) warrior toys and a renewed demand for toy guns worry many child specialists

CONSUMERISM

War and a little peace for Christmas

By Patricia Hickey

On a busy Saturday in a downtown Toronto, a group of young girls flocked closely "Cabbage Patch" dolls, the lavishly successful \$10 cloth toys that once complete with adoption papers. Across the aisle a crowd of many boys waged war with an equally popular toy, more warlike still, GI Joe. This Christmas the "gulf between boys' and girls' tastes seems to be widening as boys' toys take a new military look in the \$600-million-a-year Canadian toy industry. In the front lanes is Hasbro's GI Joe, which re-emerged the toy market last year after its manufacturer withdrew it in the mid-1970s because of low sales. In 1980, which is expected to be a bumper year for toy sales, GI Joe and the faithful Masters of the Universe series from Mattel—which includes the kooky space-age barbarian He-Man—are making waves under the Christmas tree. These warrior toys, coupled with videogames carrying violent overtones and a renewed demand for toy guns, trouble many child specialists. Said Willard Ingers, dean of the faculty of education at Ontario's University of Windsor, in an report on toys, "I think that they can encourage aggressive and violent behavior and

lead to the glorification of hostile activity."

It was not always that way. Children's toys were subject to pacifist influences during and after the Vietnam War. Indeed, by the late 1970s most of the wars in toyland occurred in outer space, using Star Wars dolls or videogames. Some retailers were hesitant about bringing war back to Earth when

GI Joe, who first appeared as an 11½-inch doll in 1964 and cost \$5 (U.S.), appeared again last year as a \$4.99-inch toy complete with military hardware. Many buyers were convinced that rearmament in the toy industry would not spread north from the United States. Said Kenneth Harper, national sales manager for Kidde Recreation Products in Cambridge, Ont., and that his company recently began distributing toy M-16 rifles and M16 videogames because "military has been very popular." But so far the toy gun revival in Canada has been nothing like that occurring in the United States. According to the 335-member Toy Manufacturers of America, retail sales of toy guns almost doubled between 1976 and 1980, shooting to \$12 million from \$6.5 million.

But manufacturers and retailers are reluctant to call GI Joe or Masters of the Universe fighting or military toys. They prefer to keep them in the category of boys' "action" or "fantasy" items. But, in the case of GI Joe, there is no question that war and destruction are central to the fantasy. The line includes realistic-looking, six-figure twin-barreled guns, a 300 combat jet carrying missiles, a rocket-bearing helicopter and three tank-like one of them, motorized, sells for \$15. The GI Joe figures include a "vampire force" or "rapid deployment team," and many of the figures have their own weapons. There is even a female named Scarlett carrying a crossbow, but Schwartz says that she is selling poorly because the toys have little or no appeal for girls. Each figure comes with a file card that describes the character. A necessary figure named Major Bludd is described as a "part-time poet who presides the lines." "When you're feeling low and weary/Stop a fresh clip in your Gun/Absence the proper firing orders/And make the soldiers jump and dance."

Some critics of the products complain that other information on the toys' packaging evokes the conflict between the West and the Soviet Bloc. Children are urged to help GI Joe "prevent democracy" from the mythical enemy called "Cobra" who are "hated and evil personified" and aims to "conquer the world for their own evil purposes." Parkins, who says that GI Joe's return to active

role, compared to last year's \$45 million.

At the same time, GI Joe is the star of a Marvel comic book as well as a five-part animated TV mini-series being aired throughout Canada this fall. To saturate the market further, Hasbro franchised the GI Joe name to a wide variety of everything from underwear to chocolate. Sandra Hatch, president of Sandra Hatch and Associates, Inc. in Toronto, which owns copyrights and trademarks, said that the GI Joe name is unquestionably the most sought-after license she has ever handled.

The renewed popularity of toy guns is another development in the military toy renaissance. Harper said that Kato's has noticed a definite increase in demand. And Peter Gaudin, national sales manager for Kidde Recreation Products in Cambridge, Ont., said that his company recently began distributing toy M-16 rifles and M16 videogames because "military has been very popular." But so far the toy gun revival in Canada has been nothing like that occurring in the United States. According to the 335-member Toy Manufacturers of America, retail sales of toy guns almost doubled between 1976 and 1980, shooting to \$12 million from \$6.5 million.

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role had anything to do with escalating international tensions, dismisses suggestions that Cobra was intended to suggest Communism or any other group. Said Parkins: "We have chosen not to make the enemy black or white or green. He may be Russian, he may be the boy next door."

At the same time, Hasbro officials said they are confident that children can distinguish between real war and playing with GI Joe. "It is an adventure situation," said Schwartz, who thinks the GI Joe conflict is that it is "fantasy and fun." "I do not think plastic toys or toys based on military situations turn a child into a military person," he declared. "The entire generation of the Vietnam era grew up with military toys." But at least some children consent to war toys, which children used to protest and understand the world around them. Said Eshen: "The toys

showing and killing among the three-to-five-year-old boys and girls who were with me said, 'They are actually saying, 'GI Joe, GI Joe' as they are doing this.'"

But other child specialists and parents say that there is no great cause for alarm. "Toys like these have been around a long time," said Toronto accountant David De Rosa, 48, while examining the GI Joe combat jet in Kato's with his eight-year-old son, Blaine. He added, "It is not the children who cause war. It is Trudeau and Reagan." Steve Eshen, a professor of early childhood education at the University of Quebec in Hull, said that he allows his seven-year-old son, John, to play with GI Joe because he believes that parents can counteract the message in war toys, which children need to process and understand the world around them. Said Eshen: "The toys



Cabbage Patch and Care Bear: the puff between boys' and girls' tastes is widening

Canadian Army Cadets, for one, said that he collects GI Joe figures because they are "realistic." His sons have found uses for the figures in which the enemy in the Soviet Union and "everybody else."

Indeed, many child specialists are concerned about the spreading revival of GI Joe. Said Susan Peck, acting director of psychiatry at the British Columbia Children's Hospital in Vancouver. "I think that to a certain extent they do prime kids for aggressive behavior and military solutions," Peck said. "You could say we are priming kids to be cannon fodder for the next war." Jennifer Henders, associate vice-chairman of the Toy Testing Council of Canada, believes that such toys as the bears and Cabbage Patch dolls show that children themselves prefer toys that show "non-violence." Peck, however, it seems that the forces of peace and nonviolence this Christmas have not totally surrendered. ☺

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Despite the arms race in toyland, there are less aggressive trends. Retailers have already sold most of the 200,000 Cabbage Patch dolls shipped out in mid-November. Another top seller is the "Care Bears" series, a ready collection of \$15 to \$20 toys with such names as "Wonder-Bear," "Cuddles" and "Friend." The manufacturer, Kenner Products Canada, expects to sell at least 800,000 by Christmas. Julie Craghead, vice-chairman of the Toy Testing Council of Canada, believes that such toys as the bears and Cabbage Patch dolls show that children themselves prefer toys that show "non-violence." Peck, however, it seems that the forces of peace and nonviolence this Christmas have not totally surrendered. ☺



Thinking the unthinkable

By Susan Riley

It was the show to end all shows about the war in and all wars. Early this week millions of North Americans tuned in to ABC's television drama, *The Day After*, a terrifying vision of a typical Middle America town the day after a nuclear explosion. Apart from the ravaging feet, snarls and despair that *The Day After* engendered in individual viewers, it left broader social aftereffects. In the week before the screening, discussions of the possible effects of a nuclear war filled North American newspapers and television. Media figures from Ann Landers to My Broom, of the popular U.S. Public Broadcasting System show for preschoolers, dealt with atomic war. At the same time, current films, such as *Thelma*, which depicts a California family trying to cope with an atomic hol-

ocaust, and the continuing nuclear arms present have sparked war fears unequalled since the 1950s. Both psychologists and peace activists are trying to gauge the effects of the controversy. The chief concern is the effect of the increasingly realistic nuclear graphics and details on children. According to Toronto research psychologist Susan Goldberg, parents must walk a fine line between frightening their children too much and avoiding nuclear questions under the rug. When a child asks if there is going to be a nuclear war, said Goldberg, parents should confess that

they do not know, then ask, "Is that something that worries you?" From there, parents and children can set out to discover not only the facts about the war but the prospects for peace. Said Goldberg: "Children need to know there is some hope."

Like other psychologists, Goldberg knows children who are acutely worried about war but she has no idea how deep or how far that fear extends. She recalled one eight-year-old boy who was walking with his aunt in a pleasant country area after a satisfying Thanksgiving dinner when he suddenly asked, "I wish those guys would come here." His aunt asked him who he meant, and he replied, "The guys who want to bomb us." Then he burst into tears. ABC's attempts to charge that it was sensationalizing an emotional issue, distributed 500,000 copies of an eight-page viewers' guide to *The Day After*, designed to promote discussion—

James Smith, head of Ottawa-based anti-nuclear weapons group Operation Dismantle, agreed with Goldberg's hope



Social workers and psychologists screening *The Day After*, scenes from the film heighten fear, anger and despair

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FOR THE RECORD

Piano styles of the 1980s



Gould leaving work apart to force the listener to concentrate on every note

It was once possible to measure the mood of an age by its classical painters. This era's counterpart of piano styles, as represented in six new recordings, sheds any definition, but the answer is surely on severity and reason over decadence or flamboyance. By this definition Glenn Gould was a child of modern times. Before his death in 1982, Gould had completed a wealth of recordings which CBS Masterworks plans to issue over the next five years. The release of such provocative recordings helps contribute to the magnificent illusion that the man is not in fact dead but is still scientifically antediluvian. Gould was perhaps in a weird recording studio outside time.

In his latest CBS Masterworks recording Gould addresses two problematic Beethoven sonatas, Nos. 12 and 13. He leaves the work apart, forcing the listener to concentrate on every note and displaying a raw freedom. The strength of Gould's performance is surprising because it comes from a musician who once called Beethoven "one composer whose population is based entirely on gossip." Even the worst aspect of the recording, the excessive and inappropriate attention, which characterizes much of Gould's Beethoven playing, has an almost touching logic: because of his left-hand view of Beethoven. The result is pure Gould.

As fast pace Beethoven playing—generous, impassioned, totally at the

service of the composer, stark but also shot through with flashes of poetry and fantasy—it would be hard to improve on the account of Sonatas Nos. 12 and 13 (100/Polygram) by magnificent Uruguayan-born pianist Glenn Gould. The celebrated teacher, Heinrich Neuhaus, once wrote of Gould, "I would find it hard to state another pianist whose tone is so rich in noble metal, 20-carat gold, that much that we find in the veins of the greatest singers." There is an aristocratic taste and subtlety to Gould's sound that is immensely satisfying. The light pen he keeps in his hand virtually and a near-perfect marriage of music and intellect generate extraordinary electricity.

Gould's mastery of music from different epochs is unusual among Soviet pianists. The flamboyant young Soviet, Andrei Gavrilov, can conquer the big romantic works both technically and interpretatively with apparent ease, but he struggles when he tackles Beethoven's keyboard sonatas as a young Melody/Digital album. Playing with masculinity and dynamic control, his approach is so alien to the spirit of the composer that it verges on irony, a type of performance style that Neuhaus characterized as "no style at all." Gavrilov's pounding urgency in the outer movements of both sonatas is impressive but would better serve a 19th-century Chopin. He resembles a bear in a struggle of every musician.

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LABOR

New roles for secretaries

In the past, when a secretary was not typewriting or borrowing in her files, she was a dutiful wife-employee-husband. Now, a secretary often still types and so serves as a coffee bar—but also, now, in a small number of cases, he—is no longer willing to be dismissed as an insignificant typewriter-office wife. A growing number of Canada's estimated 400,000 secretaries are clamoring for more prestige and job responsibility. At the same time, computerization is not only clearing away the volume of paperwork but also elevating the secretarial role.

Said Bonnie Patterson, chairman of secretarial and administrative studies at Toronto's Ryerson Polytechnical Institute, "It means that the secretary can be freed up to do more analytic and administrative work."

For secretaries with some expertise in computers or administration, office automation can be an enormous boon. Said Margaret Fulton, president of Mayors Saint Vincent University in Halifax and former head of a 1983 federal task force that studied the impact of computers and employment. "This is an opportunity for women who are educated to break out of the old image of the secretary as someone who serves male executives."

Indeed, many women are already benefiting. Katherine Knecht, a 24-year-old word processing supervisor at a Vancouver insurance company, has seen her income almost triple, to more than \$25,000 a year, since she started out as a word processing operator five years ago. She attributes her success to the strong computer component in the eight-month secretarial course she took after high school. But Fulton and others warn that secretaries with limited computer or other skills could end up doing tedious office work or losing their jobs altogether to computers.

Yet secretaries are fighting hard to remove professional limitations. Armed with bachelor degrees, many are deter-

mined to parlay their skills into management jobs and top salaries. "The students are thinking about careers now, whereas before it was just a job," said Patricia Davis, a professor of secretarial and administrative studies at the University of Western Ontario in London, a course which offers bachelor degrees for secretaries. Added Patterson, "Secretaries are getting into middle-management roles more frequently."

Still, many secretaries say that they are having difficulty making management aware of the growing professionalization of the job. A problem, they blame on negative stereotypes. "On TV and in the movies we see the dumb, blonde secretary sitting there, filing her nails and chewing gum," complained Sandra Brown, an administrative assistant in Hamilton, Ont., and a director of the 2,000-member Professional Secretaries International in Canada. The negative stereotype also affects the small number of men holding secretarial jobs. Said Bradford Kemble, 33, a secretary for 10 years, currently working for a Toronto film company: "I have been called a secretary."

In an attempt to improve the secretarial image, Brown's organization advocates a certified professional secretary (CPS) designation, awarded after a secretary passes a battery of tests that usually require several night-school classes. According to Marjorie Sutton, president of the Metropolitan Toronto Legal Secretaries Association, there are also parallel developments in education such as legal work, in which many legal secretaries are performing the work of paraprofessionals. Still, experts hope that the computerized office, which requires that all workers have the more basic computer skills, will break down office barriers. Said a helpful Suzanne Ray, director of Labour Canada's Women's Bureau: "I do believe it will cause a blurring of the roles."

—PATRICIA HUNTER IN TORONTO



Kemble negates stereotype

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Stuart Ross trying to offer a religious point of view within the school system

RELIGION

A return to secularism

Calgary public school trustee Sandra Anderson intended that her brief dramatic performance symbolize the injury that children would suffer because the school board closed religious schools. But when she pulled out a knife during a board meeting early this month, the gesture also served as an apt symbol for the razor and litterers that has surrounded a three-year debate on the merits of allowing religious schools to become part of the Calgary public school system. Real Anderson, as her fellow trustees prepared to vote to expel two Christian and two Jewish schools "With your vote you stick the knife into thousands of children. Be careful as you shoot the fires of these schools that you don't also kill the mother—public education."

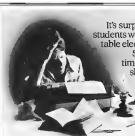
Until that vote, Calgary was the only city in Canada that allowed religious schools to flourish within the public school system as alternative education programs. By last summer it was evident that the schools, particularly the Logan Christian School, had provided a strong backlash among voters who feared that expansion of the religious schools would fragment the system. Those fears grew when groups representing Islamic and German minorities applied for inclusion in the alternative education programs. The fear existing religious schools entered to only one per cent of the 40,000 children in the public school system but they became the main issue during October school board elections. With a determination that shook protagonists on both sides of the debate, voters elected seven opponents of the religious schools to the nine-member board.

Their religious views differ, but the Jewish and Christian groups agree that because they are public school taxpayers, they should be able to take advantage of the existing school system as well as educate their children in the manner that they wish. Dr. Stuart Ross, president of the Calgary Hebrew Society, which operates two schools where 400 students from Grades 1 to 12 study Hebrew and Jewish history and culture as well as the standard Alberta school curriculum, said it is naive to think that Alberta's public school system has no religious affiliation. "It is basically a Protestant school system," he said. "You might expect that painting Easter eggs and singing Christmas carols are cultural activities, but I think I could just as easily argue that they are religious." But for the Christians, the public school system is not quite Protestant enough. Said Warren Stuenkel, president of the Logan Christian Society: "We are asking for the right to include a Christian point of view in the curriculum because there is no religion in the public system."

The four religious schools will function as part of the public system until the end of the school year. At the same time, both groups have threatened legal action based on the Charter of Rights to counter the board decision. And the Jewish Education Society is also considering petitioning the provincial government to institute a Jewish school board, a move that could set another trend to motion. Said the Hebrew Society's Ross: "Needless to say, if we succeed, the door will have been opened for all sorts of minorities to do the same thing."

—GILLIAN STEWART in Calgary

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Why Johnny *can* read

In 1980 the University of Toronto initiated a mandatory English proficiency exam for its freshmen arts and science class. The results of the test sent shock waves through Canada's academic community because almost one in five of the university's 6,000 first-year students failed the exam. Now,

English departments across the country report substantial improvements in basic writing skills, and the U of T failure rate has dropped to 5.6 per cent from 18 per cent. According to Prof. Lee Whitehead, chairman of the University of British Columbia's (UBC) first-year English program, the 1970s "new sta-

ments who lacked grammar skills and the ability to organize ideas. Now, there is a general increase in the literacy of the students and an encouraging change of attitude toward writing."

Explanations of the change range from improved high school programs which stress English grammar and usage to increased competition among students for scarce university spaces. Other educators credit proficiency exams and still new university entrance requirements. The changes are in sharp contrast to high school and university programs in the late 1960s and 1970s, when experimental language classes allowed students to avoid formal grammar and to indulge, instead, in written self-expression. But the revision-based universities in use programs drastically, and student concerns turned to jobs. Said Whitehead, "Students are more aware that jobs are related to writing skills and they take school more seriously now."

Allen Hexter, UBC's assistant information officer, said that new students are better prepared when they arrive at university because of the heightened entrance requirements introduced between 1975 and 1980. Students planning to enter UBC now must have Grade 11 credits in English, mathematics, science and social sciences as well as a C-average and completed a second language. In the past, entry into UBC was based on a student's overall high school record.

At the University of Alberta students regularly failed the university's English profile or entrance exam without suffering any penalty. But starting next September, students with university credits entering the University of Alberta will have 12 months to pass the test or leave the university. Students with no previous university credits will have six months to pass the test. The results are evident. Said Louis McCulloch, chairman of the president's committee on testing and remediation: "In previous years our failure rate was 50 per cent. This year the pass rate jumped to 93.1 per cent."

Student leaders credit increased student competition for scarce positions as a major factor in improved literacy. Declared Glen Jones, the student representative on the University of Manitoba board of governors: "Here, all faculties have specific thresholds as entrance, and so the competition among students to get in—particularly in such faculties as law or engineering—is very stiff. English, reading and writing increases the chances of acceptance, and so only the very top people get in." As a result, it appears that universities have become the strongest ally of the battered English language.

—MARGARET CANNON in Toronto

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THEATRE

Mountains as metaphors

By

Patrick Mayors
Directed by Maurice Podgorsky

The tragic equivalent of a Neil Simon comedy, *Kil* presents a pair of engaging characters who weave satire and emotion through 90 unscripted minutes of suspenseful melodrama. In the simple conceit that New York playwright Patrick Mayors has devised, two clays—Harold (Robert Hlatky), a physician, and Taylor (Stephen Markie), an assistant district attorney—are trapped on a ledge when encountering Pakistan's *Kil*, the world's second-highest mountain. Faced with imminent death, the men predictably grow larger than life, as Harold says, "Mountains are metaphors—the higher you go, the deeper you get." But in the excellent production at Montreal's Centre Theatre (Vancouver audiences will be able to see the play in January), magnificent acting by Hlatky and Taylor transforms competent entertainment into an electrifying dramatic experience.

As soon as the play begins, tension builds from the sharp contrast between Harold's sophisticated, sophisticated and elegant and Taylor's white-flashed, vulgar, vulgar, vulgar as the day passes and the detailed reality of the climbers' predicament. The stark abstraction of the act adds a timeless dimension to the action but at the same time focuses attention on their frenzied search over rising ropes, the dangerous agony of being jerked and their thin chances of survival. Harold has broken his leg, and first Taylor's carelessness and then an avalanche deplete their gear. It becomes obvious that Harold cannot continue, and Taylor must decide whether to stay with him or leave only himself.

The clash of the two personalities fuels the drama. Harold is a gentle dreamer who believes in his joyful marriage and science's ability to explain the universe. Taylor is a volatile smart-size

of Italian origin who claims, "My veins are full of tomato sauce, not blood." He is also a pragmatic pessimist whose constant involvement with the dispersed has convinced him that "love costs too much." Both are scathingly cynical about the future of humanity, yet the love they reveal of man for man—Taylor is waiting to stay on the ledge, Harold is ordering him back to leave—temporarily reverts this fatalism.

Kil splashes big ideas onto a small



Markie (left) and Hlatky magnificent, in a gripping acting

arena, but director Maurice Podgorsky is a skilled minimalist. His precise images effortlessly sit up rich associations while the prostrate Harold pines for his mountain. Taylor scrambles back up the mountain and falls, only to dangle in black space at the end of a red rope like a puppet on a string or a fetus draped in blood. But the performance that Podgorsky has pulled from the cast are his real triumph: perched high above the stage in like statues as a Ghibli whirls, Hlatky and Markie breathe passion into the playwright's comic of modern life. Their intimate and enduring relationship echoes in the mind long after the actors have left the stage. —MARK CHAMBERLAIN

JUSTICE

Humane society woes

Two months ago, in a controversial move, Toronto Mayor Arthur Regelman agreed to appoint a one-year interim management committee to run the straggling Toronto Humane Society. Its duties capped a history of divisions that threatened to tear apart the 96-year-old organization. Five of the 16 volunteer directors had asked the city to step in and take over the society's affairs. Those directors accused the nonprofit organization of gross mismanagement of funds and staff and charging the focus of the society from animal welfare to animal advocacy. The troubles of the Toronto agency are not unique. In fact, the incident reflects the growing turmoil and division within the Canadian humane society movement. Kathleen Kline, an animal rights activist with the 3,000-member Animal Defense League of Canada, accuses the movement of losing its original aim. "The humane societies came into being to shelter distressed animals," she said, "but over time there has been a progressive hardening of the arteries."

Indeed, criticism that humane societies are not doing the job they were set up to do protect animals from abuse and neglect. The incidence of animal abuse remains high, societies across the country investigate some 30,000 complaints a year. As well, animal rights activists charge that the societies are not doing enough to curb trapping and the use of animals in medical experiments. Far their part, spokesmen for the 185 humane societies in Canada argue that they cannot perform their tasks because of an extreme shortage of funds, with budgets ranging from a few thousand dollars in small towns to \$1 million in large urban centers. Most societies operate on money generated from client services and grants from municipalities for animal control. But those financial sources are often not enough, and many societies turn to fund-raising events in order to stay in business. As a result, with conflicting notions of what the societies should do and the chronic fund shortages, the movement which started in Britain 124 years ago has become mired in infighting and politicking.

Animal welfare critics such as Kline charge that the societies have become too concerned with public relations and too lax in the protection of animals. Sandra Kline: "They have become the

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hundreds of these they are trying to control." To outline the causes of their concern, critics point to the Helpline humane society, which a dog breeder accused three years ago of profiting from the sale of animals for research experimentation in Dalhousie University. News Scotia legislation requires that animals be kept for 72 hours before the society can claim ownership and sell them to a university or other institution. He alleged that the local agency was selling animals before the expiration of the required waiting period and accepting dual fees, one for money killing from pet owners and a second for research from Dalhousie. The charges were never proved.

Donald Hupworth, former chief inspector of the powerful Ontario Humane Society (OHS), blamed the problems of the societies on the financial

one agency, with no branches. For its part, Manitoba has offices only in Winnipeg and Brandon. Even in the larger humane societies, serious understaffing undermines good intentions and efforts. According to Hupworth, there are just five OHS chapters in Ontario, with the provincial government supplying only \$85,000 of the \$3-million budget.

While the humane society movement worries about whether it will have enough money to continue daily operations, more radical groups, such as Action Volunteers for Animals, Animal Liberation Front and Farm Animal Reform Movement, have come into existence to fill the gap. Most believe that the humane society movement should concentrate on preventing animal abuse and get out of the business of existing stray animals. They also charge that because of the societies' disagreements



Kennels at Toronto's Humane Society: a movement aimed at enlightening

structure of the movement, said Hupworth. "A lot of humane societies and district humane clubs all run under the same and favor of the public. A lot of their energy goes toward generating new income, and that should not be necessary." Tom Hughes, who has headed the OHS for 26 years, believes that the shortage of funds also led to staffing problems which further undermined the societies' effectiveness. Said Hughes: "In the 1980s the humane movement has no money of its own and no negotiating power to deal with members of unions."

Humane societies have also not been able to provide a standard of animal welfare across the country because legislation and the various organizations themselves differ from province to province. Ontario, Alberta and British Columbia have thriving organizations, but other provinces are severely understaffed. While British Columbia has 21 branches and Ontario 30 branches and 15 affiliates, Saskatchewan has only

over several central contracts with city councils, several disputes and the constant need to raise revenues, animal rights get little attention. And they claim that most of the income for trapping, sterilization and rehoming and the improper use of animals for food production are in the humane across the country. To draw attention to their cause, the new activists have picketed humane society offices and fur shows. Said Klein: "The young groups are trying something new, and the old guard does not like it." But Hughes dismisses their tactics. "All they do is attract publicity. They do not help animals."

A diversion in the humane society movement increases, a shake-up seems imminent. Even humane society insiders predict that changes will come within the institution. "The movement needs reorganizing," said Linda Eisenstein, former president and board member of the London, Ont., Humane Society. "But we will survive."

—JANE WHEATMAN in Toronto

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Examining the Tories' dirty linen

CONTENDERS: THE TORY

QUEST FOR POWER

By Patrick Martin, Allan Gregg

and George Perlin

(Presbyterian-Hal, 254 pages, \$25.95)

The inside history of the 1983 Progressive Conservative leadership campaign is mostly a story of intrigue and incompetence. None of the major participants emerges from *Contenders* with his reputation enhanced. In one typically candid anecdote, the authors quote a politician who removed John Crosbie's horseshorns during the campaign. The doctor said, "This is the closest I'll ever get to the seat of power." Many readers of the excellent, compelling study of the Tory race, by Patrick Martin, Allan Gregg and George Perlin, will feel that they have had a similarly close acquaintance with the Progressive Conservative party.

The troika of a journalist (Martin), a pundit (Gregg) and an academic (Perlin) did intensive interviewing and detailed polling both before and after the

convention, and they know their political science. *Contenders* combines the pace and detail of journalism with the reflective generalizations of serious scholarship. There has never been a better study of leadership politics in Canada. Altogether, the authors of *Contenders* are better at their job than the contenders were at theirs.

Most Conservatives know that supporters of Crosbie and Brian Mulroney were trying to force Joe Clark to resign the leadership long before the Winnipeg convention in January. The full story of the early stages of that ugly campaign remains to be told, but *Contenders* supplies a great deal of fresh information, such as the fascinating news that western strategist Finlay MacDonald wrote to Clark in March, 1982, advising him to win first. Clark did not follow the advice. Later, when there was only 60-60-per-cent support for Clark at Winnipeg, MacDonald urged him not to rush into calling a convention. Clark would not be worse off today had he listened to his adviser on either occasion.

At Winnipeg he seems to have decided on a leadership fight largely because he knew his MPs were less loyal to him than either the party or the voters.

The book reveals how all the contenders botched their campaigns. Clark had endured and survived as much as his ordeal as leader that, according to the authors, he had developed a confidence bordering on arrogance. The result was a series of damaging public misjudgments that disrupted his momentum. He alienated potential delegates with the threat "my way or the highway", he dismissed Ontario Premier William Davis as a "regional" candidate, and he made no apologies for dry tricks. Mulroney took fewer public missteps, but the inner organization of his campaign was a shambles. Two of his principal advisers nearly came to blows, and he antagonized the media by attempting to deny easily verifiable facts about his movements and statements. For his part, Crosbie squandered the massive goodwill many non-Conservative Tories had for him with his foolish



The leadership convention in Ottawa: a tale of intrigue and incompetence

insensitivity to the French fact in Canada. And the minor candidates in *Contenders* seem pathetic in their non-understandings of the party and the issues.

The convention itself, the authors argue, hinged on the determination to defeat Clark. They were right. Other candidates, including Clark, were seen as

more likable, more competent, and tougher than Mulroney, and were considered to have a slender grasp of policy." Mulroney won, according to *Contenders*, because he seemed more like a winner than any of the others. Clark seemed like a loser both politically and personally. Mulroney had hope in life what so many grassroots Tories aspire

to do—he started as a little man on the outside and won his way to the top of the establishment. Like John Diefenbaker, he made awkward outsiders feel comfortable in the Conservative party. In real life Clark was as much a self-made man as Mulroney. But Martin, Gregg and Perlin remind readers that perception is everything. At the end of the convention, with all these personal, respected Progressive Conservative on the stage supporting him, Clark was the candidate of the old anti-Diefenbaker elite which the party was pushing aside.

The Conservatives scored all these dirty lines in public, chose a leader with no parliamentary experience—and continued to rise on the polls. The last chapter will come as a sharp rebuke to Liberal and NDP readers who up to that point had found that *Contenders* reinforced their contempt for the way the Conservative party handles itself. In a surprising overview of the politics of the past decade, the authors persuasively contend that the Conservatives have become Canada's new majority party. A historic change of power and an unprecedented amount of Tory unity are probably in the offing. As all the losers come together, the contender who finished least now stands to win it all.

—MICHAEL BLISS

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A black comedy of outrage

THE ANATOMY LESSON
by Philip Roth
(Random, 292 pages, \$19.95)

As *The Anatomy Lesson* begins, Nathan Zuckerman, Philip Roth's notorious Jewish-American novelist and hero of his two previous books, is in pain. "Untraceable pain of unknown origin," located imprecisely in his upper torso, has overwhelmed Zuckerman's consciousness

for 18 months. He has become "viscerally debilitated, physically disabled, sexually numbed, intellectually inert, spiritually depressed." Zuckerman's pain throbs like a migraine through Roth's novel; it provides plot, controls tone and focuses the fundamental questions about life and art that the tormented victim must try to answer.

Roth's central concern in all three Zuckerman books, intensified spectacularly in *The Anatomy Lesson*, is the art-

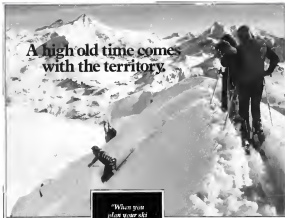
ist's conflicting responsibilities. Where must the writer vent his agonies (especially in the life he has lived or in the life he has imagined)? And what happens if the latter appears (no matter how deceptively) to conform in every particular with the reality? In *The Ghost Writer* Roth sent the fledgling Zuckerman in quest of a spiritual father—an eminent writer. The novel was brilliantly effective of youthful tensions between art and family. In *Zuckerman Unbound*, Zuckerman, but not as well as he'd hoped, Roth's protagonist was, in his late 30s, catapulted to media fame and literary self-doubt during the wild success of his fourth novel, *Conversano*, a savage, erotic comedy of Jewish family life. With *The Anatomy Lesson*, four years have passed since Zuckerman traded acceptance for stardom and confusion. His parents have died, he has become divorced once again, blocked in his writing and enslaved to pain-killers, vodka and therapeutic funds.

For Zuckerman the consequences of his apparently autobiographical *Conversano* have been literally life-threatening: people have attacked him as a parasite, an anti-Semite and a sexual monster. Even his physical pain cannot obscure the despair of being misunderstood. As a result, Zuckerman decides to get out. "I can't take any more of my inner life," he says. But that, if he is to be a writer, is all he has. "If he must cultivate hypothetical Zuckermans, he really had no more means than a five hydant to daughter his existence." Opting for the "release from self," he decides to become a doctor.

Roth delivers *The Anatomy Lesson* in five substantial episodes, each offering some emotional clarity. Zuckerman experiences profound grief over his mother's death, analyzes his connections to the four women to whom he depends and works through his bitter rage against a magisterial critic. His overlapping crises make the novel a Dionysian journey through the middle darkness of soul. And, with so many targets for satire, Roth welds them into bursts of vitriolic monologue. The present novel could be subtitled *Zuckerman Outraged*; paragraphs simply erupt, and the lens of Roth's farious comic versatility shifts down the pages.

The Anatomy Lesson tangles threads of family, culture, cancer, confusion and sex, unraveling the knot in Zuckerman's chance to reduce his soul and conquer his pain. At times, Roth seems to have his usually maternalistic benevolence, but by the book's moribund passage and every line mastered from it he has turned the writer's crucial predicament into a blackly comic drama with an ironically ambiguous fade-out. The curtains fall, novel and trilogy red; Zuckerman's grand society swells its robes.

—DOUGLAS IRVING



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A superwoman has farther to fall

THE BIGGEST MODERN
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By Susan Swan
(Author of *Opus Dei*, *Daughters*,
\$20 paper, \$11.95)

At first, Susan Swan's novel, *The Opus Modern Woman of the World*, reads like a simple exercise in wish fulfillment: if only a woman could grow big enough, then surely the world could not keep her down. In the childhood chapters of the fictional autobiography of Anna Swan, a Nova Scotia-born Victorian girl, nothing can keep her down—her infant head crashes through the roof of her parents' pioneer cabin, shooting her stars for parents who fear for her and her growth. They treat her like a magical being, not a freak: her father uses her as a goddess of growth to open his vegetable to giant size. With such an upbringing it is not surprising that Anna becomes a fervent believer in the myth of the "strong giant," a champion of size. "Height was my religion and my politics, for I believed that if everyone was tall like me, nobody would feel insignificant, or unhappy."

It could have been amazing for the novel to continue in this vein, with an adolescent Anna pursuing a superwoman's course through the universe. But author Swan, six foot, two inches herself and obviously aware of the delicious of power that come with size, had more on her mind than creating a feminist comic-strip heroine. Puberty seizes Anna from the magic kingdom of childhood, unleashing a tidal wave of hormones in the glands. Her new womanhood attracts masculine attention, at first from her childhood playmate Hubert Clavichius, the local dwarf. Another size-obsessed character, tiny Hubert steals Anna's virginity under the guise of massaging her private parts, with the only shrink at hand up to the task—a giant uncle. The wounded Anna writes, "Hubert's scale had not only captured my manhood, it had purchased my belief in myself as a magic being. I was human and vulnerable—a female who, like every other female, could be penetrated in a way that no man could." The tale of Anna Swan is not about girlhood or superwoman, but girlhood as large-as-life-sized victim.

In the novel, Susan Swan has convincingly re-created the era of respectable Victorianism, in which P.E. Sarnow and other regressive ladies took giant and fat women, widows and divorcees, truss out of the mansion and into the

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Don Neilson is Manager - Purchasing, for Gulf Canada Resources Inc. He is a native Canadian whose 25 years of Gulf service have been spent entirely in the purchasing profession in the Alberta oil patch. Don is interested in community affairs and is active in minor hockey development. He is shown here with son Scott, 17, during a community hockey tournament in Calgary.

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The fears of a superstar

When the teenage Britches Streisand auditioned for her first Broadway show, *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*, she was bold enough to ask for a chair with casters. "That way I could always be rolling around the stage," the 14-year-old superstar reassured emphatically. The star, producer, writer and director of *Yentl* has never been a wallflower, after directing her Oscar-winning performance in *Penny Girl*, William Wyler was moved to present her with a microphone for unsolicited contributions. But there was another reason Streisand without that chair: she was too afraid to stand up. The most powerful woman in show business, whose movies include *The Owl and the Pussycat*, *Hello Dolly* and *The Way We Were*, and who remains one of the top-selling recording artists of all time, is terrified of her audience. "I have this fear that I will forget the words," she explains, "that I won't live up to expectations."

Streisand—by her own admission "just a girl from Brooklyn"—has traveled a distance nobody could have anticipated. From the beginning, she had one undeniable treasure—her voice. With one singing lesson behind her, she followed her Broadway triumph in *Penny Girl* with legendary television performances and concerts in Central Park in the 1960s. But after a string of film successes, the media frequently described her as posh and megamammonated—particularly during the filming of *A Star Is Born* with Kris Kristofferson. While she lived with Jon Peters, a hard-drinker who has since become a successful producer (Manning, Paquin), rumors greeted her in the columns: "I need things from time to time," she said, "and I don't know who they are talking about. I am made fun of and lied about."

The most recent—and dramatic—case occurred last week when syndicated U.S. gossip columnist Marilyn Beck wrote that Streisand had never paid *Yentl*'s original author, Isaac Bashevis Singer, for a film treatment that he had written. Head Singer's publisher, Roger Straus of Warner, Straus and Groux. "The report is totally untrue," Straus has been critical of her in the past, and it is true he was not happy about his story being turned into a musical. But now everyone wishes everybody else well.

It took 15 years for *Yentl* to reach the screen. Although Streisand's name on a movie marquee works her afterimage, financing a picture with her as the director was difficult. At the eleventh

hour before the movie's release last week, she was a ball of nerves, pondering the fate of her effort. "I want to get good reviews. I want to be accepted," she said. "I will probably be devastated if *Yentl* is a failure. But my real joy was in making it. My joy has been here already." She dedicated the movie to her father, who died when she was 13 months old. "Yentl," she said, "gave me the chance to create the father I never had."

Streisand's adult years have brought other issues, especially in her private life she lives in a kind of self-imposed seclusion. A self-confessed loner,



Streisand: 'Just a girl from Brooklyn'

she has a highly cultivated fear of crowds. When she does venture out, most recently on the set of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, she is instantly recognized. Even while she shot *Yentl* in Czechoslovakia, autograph hounds mobbed her with requests to scribble "Barbra Streisand" on album covers. "It's like these sales I have, quite literally, in my name," she said. "I long to be alone. But this is something I will never have." For Barbra Streisand, "having it all" does not necessarily mean having everything.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

When being alive is unnatural

STREAMLINES

Directed by Robert Altman

Director Robert Altman has done everything in his power to bring *Streamline* to life on the screen, but the polemical nature of David Rabe's play defeats him. Rabe confuses the action in an angry barrack and he focuses, with contrived intensity, on several young men nervously awaiting the journey to Vietnam. War breeds violence and inhumanity, says Rabe. But these show qualities, he argues, smolder and erupt as he bears witness to the benefit of battlefield. Rabe's view of life is certainly a grim one, and not entirely convincing in the way he has chosen to portray it. That is particularly true of the homoerotic tensions he creates—or rather trumps up—in the relationship between Rickie (Mitchell Lichtenstein) and Billy (Matthew Modine). Rickie's constant taunting and teasing of Billy seems an excuse for homoerotic drama; it deflects attention from the more serious, basic ideas that Rabe is trying to hard to sell.

Transferred to film, *Streamline* becomes even more needlessly aggressive than it was on the stage. Altman has elected not to open up the action; the camera moves around the barracks so much as possible but hesitantly returns to the close-ups. The cruel, black soldierlager (David Alan Grier), responsible for the final climactic act of violence, is so close to the viewer that he turns into a caricature of an angry black man. Unlike the other black in the barracks, Carlyle (Michael Wright), who "keeps his place," Roger strikes back at the world. But his rage is not as much at being black as it is at being alive, and he seems cut to be used for all the other characters. Rabe's fondness for sympathy-tagging controversy reaches its lowest point in the character of a weathered veteran sergeant (George Deidman) who is dying of leukemia. The angriest and his friend, who seem to be perpetually drunk, remain about the good times. For them, it means the camaraderie and danger of war, not being out of the action and again in the barracks. In *Streamline* being alive seems an unnatural act.

Rabe's dialogue is heavy with portent and badly convoluted in a double theatrical way—more the product of the pen than the mouth. Altman choreographs the verbal games as best he can, and he elicits fervor and commitment from the relatively unknown cast. Still, it all looks like hard work. Art should never seem so onerous.

—L. O'P

BEST OF TASTE



BEEFEATER: Spirit of England

The rustling in the curtains

By Allan Fotheringham

There is a rustling behind the curtains in Ottawa, a discernible shuffling of feet backstage. There are hushes and sighs and noisy clearing of the throat, twitches and sidings. Anyone wondering if Pierre Trudeau is going to get need only watch the movements and actions of his loyal underlings, all of whom want his job. The number of Liberal cabinet ministers who see themselves as leadership material—considering the collective blindness of their constituents—is most interesting. Not, attending there is no accounting for human vanity, and people who have hushes, drivers, aides and assistants jettied to come to the conclusion, wrong though it may be, that their talents are as high as their trappings are numerous. Intellectual pygmies see themselves as giants; the master is on his last legs.

Why would, for example, Justice Minister Mark MacGilligan be using embossed invitations to invite people to a cocktail party on his own? Why would the good minister be using the publicly owned space of the Railway Committee Room in the Centre Block on Parliament Hill to pay for to celebrate the launch of the first volume of Paul Martin's biography, *A Very Public Left*? Because the Hon. Mark MacGilligan is running for the leadership and is seeking Paul Martin's support in the Windsor area, where the latter was king for 32 years and where MacGilligan has now set his sights.

It is, in Jean Chrétien's wandering about the cocktail party, casting the room in his ordinary suit? Even though there is a cocktail meeting going on and he had to stand away for a few minutes? Because he wants to check out how well MacGilligan is doing in attracting MPs and senators and other supports who might rally behind him when himself is gone.

And who is that tall, well-dressed man with the bright-feathered stand at the back of the room? Why, none other than Paul Martin Jr., a big Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for *Southern News*.

man in transportation who is down from Montreal for the party—out of family loyalty, of course, but also to get his face about because Paul Martin Jr. is also interested in the leadership of a spontaneous draft came sweeping his way and he, his another Minister who had to wait, one Martin Brian Mulroney, would be a new name and new image to put before an electorate grown tired of the stale front-bench staples. And why was Martin Jr. at the recent convention of the Saskatchewan Liberal party? Just checking on posters, no doubt.



The public eavesdrops. Why are Herb Gray and Eugene Wastan, Windsor's two other cabinet ministers, not present to help along this cheery occasion for the veteran politician who is almost as old as this century? Because both of them are eyeing the leadership also, and there is nothing they are going to do to aid and abet the Hon. MacGilligan's campaigning play, which is cleverly disguised as a book launch party. And why is Senator Keith Davey musing about, in his corduroy suit, casting his seasoned eyes about the big room that is filled with white wine and gossip? Because he relishes the snubbing situation that Pierre Elliott Trudeau is still the best bet for the party in the next election, which will come in June, thank you, and he wants to check out the other contenders. And why does the normally astute Senator Davey think Mr. Trudeau would be accepted by the weary voters one more time? Because if Mr. Trudeau goes, Senator Davey will no longer be the power he is and may have

to exist in thin corduroy suits and not the usual bulletproof pressings which denote his vast influence.

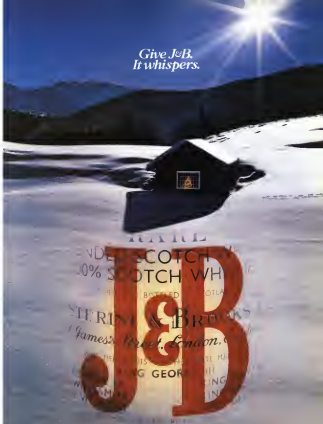
Moving right along, why did Employment and Immigration Minister John Roberts hire Suzanne Perry for his staff? Because the beautiful Ms. Perry was in one time a press aide for the Prime Minister and knows all the reporters in town and knows who is apt to be noisy and who is apt to be nice and who drinks and who doesn't, and all such info is most valuable, say important, when the day comes that a minister with a vote buying grin needed in a leadership campaign.

Why is Transport Minister Lloyd Axworthy hoping anxiously that his divorce will come through? He is not marry the lady he loves, because it is most useful, in the wonderful modern technocratic politics, to have a good-looking and legal wife on one's arm when one storms about the country in church basements and school gym meeting the middle class and attempting to persuade them to buy some stolen tickets for an Ottawa convention and vote for a future prime minister.

Why did Economic Development, Science and Technology Minister Don Johnston stage that Big Canada Tomorrow Conference, featuring international experts and Senator Ed Lavett's stag party jokes? And, likely, in a week when the Commons was in recess so the TV cameras could cover the conference instead? Heaven knows. And why would Indian Affairs Minister John Manly, who usually looks a hell that sings 30s, be suddenly raising about the country making fiery speeches about the future of the party, the exercise and himself? Beats me. Why would International Trade Minister Gerry Regan, in the absence of External Affairs Minister Allan Rock, come out sounding so tough and stoic and like an American over the Grenada caper, leaving MacKachan name embarrassing ground to cover on his return? Why has Consumer Affairs Minister Judy Stein got that serious new punk kintie? Why is MacKachan himself spending so much more time on his suits and his coffee these days? You should ask



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